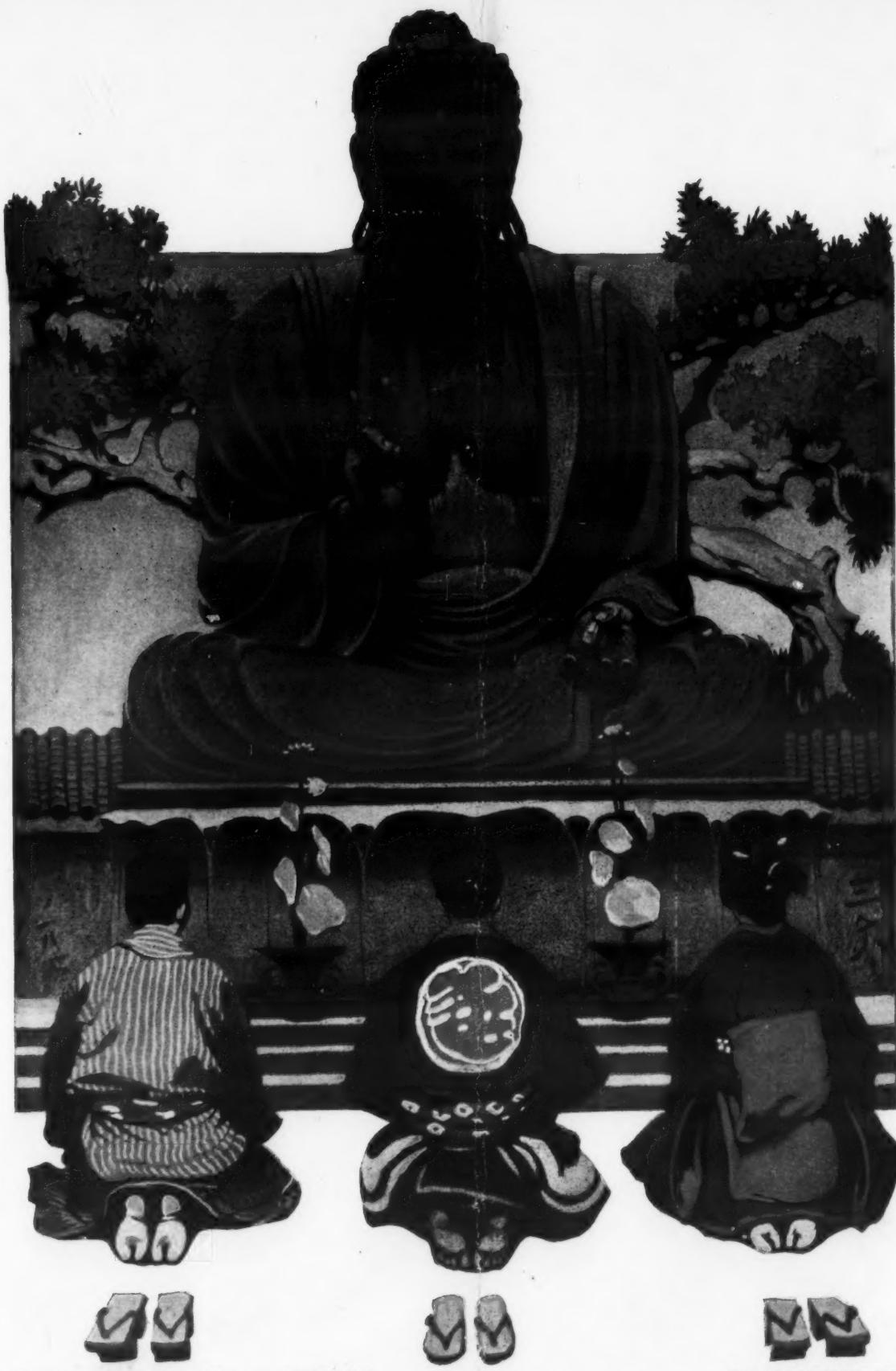


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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"T. Tembarom"

By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett

An absorbing new novel of America and England

Begins serially in the

JANUARY CENTURY

T. Tembarom, the Harlem Society Reporter of the New York "Sunday Earth" who learns suddenly he is heir to an English estate that yields \$350,000 a year . . . a pretty girl who is also sensible . . . a grouchy old duke who was never anything but ducal until the ex-newsboy taught him the American way of laughing . . . a romance that is not quite so inevitable as it seems . . . and there you have hints of some of the good things in Mrs. Burnett's new Anglo-American novel which begins serially in the January Century. It is entitled

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Who Pays for Advertising?

No. 103

Nothing is more foolish than the fast-disappearing belief of the ignorant that when they buy goods, "they pay for the advertising." They do nothing of the kind. The advertising pays for part of the goods.

Take the merchant who does not advertise. He pays a clerk two dollars a day. And

the clerk sells ten dollars' worth of goods.

Naturally, that merchant must first pay the clerk his two dollars out of the ten dollars that you pay for the goods. That means twenty per cent profit, to start with, for the clerk alone. And then the store must take its part of your purchase money for rent, for heat, for taxes, insurance. And the proprietor must take his part.

Where the man who does not advertise pays two dollars to the clerk and two dollars for rent and a dollar for insurance and delivery and sells ten dollars' worth of goods, HE MUST TAKE FIVE DOLLARS FOR EXPENSES AND AT LEAST THREE DOLLARS FOR HIMSELF—AND YOU GET TWO DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOODS.

A man with the same clerk and the same store, ADVERTISING, can sell one hundred dollars' worth of goods, so that out of one hundred dollars he can pay the clerk and the rent and the taxes and the overhead, and take the profit that he wants—and the whole thing amounts to less than one-tenth of the amount taken in.

ADVERTISING DOUBLES THE EFFICIENCY OF THE CLERK, THE VALUE OF THE STORE, THE POWER OF THE MERCHANT'S ORGANIZATION.

The man who advertises persistently, intelligently and truthfully is saving the money of those that purchase from him—inasmuch as he is making it possible for the SAME organization, the same equipment, to do many times the amount of business that it would do without advertising. He can take for himself three or four or five per cent on his sales—instead of 40%, as the non-advertiser must do—and with his small percentage of profit he can become an infinitely richer man.

(Reprinted from "The New York American")



Manager Advertising Department

What's Your boy Reading Tonight



Good clean literature or the latest scandal or some yellow-back? Your duty is to guide him and keep pure his delicately receptive mind.

The one magazine for boys that supplies every need, every craving for the right kind of reading, for knowledge of scientific subjects, building, stamps, photography, etc., is

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Be fair to the boy—to yourself! Give him the advantages that 500,000 boys enjoy! Don't let \$1.00 for a year's subscription handicap your boy and put him behind his fellows. Send his subscription NOW!—before it is too late—before the germ gets into his mind and sways him over the line. Can you, as a mother or father, face that awful responsibility? ACT NOW!

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Publishers of Good Books

416 West 13th Street New York City

Dec. 28

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

DECEMBER 28, 1912

SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY

NO. 15

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On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illus., catalog, giving prices, terms, etc.

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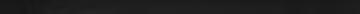
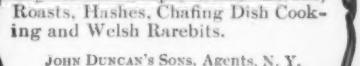
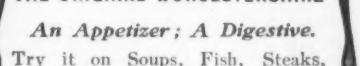
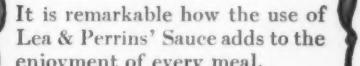
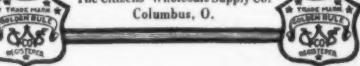
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When you get a safe investment at seven percent you think you are doing well. You have to invest in food products to live; suppose you can make 15 to 40 percent on such an investment. Does this interest you in these days of the "high cost of living?"

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Most Pure Food Products Come in Sealed Packages

THE modern plan of food-products in packages which are not broken until they reach the consumer's kitchen, is of tremendous importance to you in providing your table with foods of purity and worth.

Packages Make For Cleanliness

In the old days everything that could be sold to you out of an open box, barrel or keg at the grocery was offered in that fashion, and only foods absolutely requiring an individual container were so protected. No matter how clean the grocer kept his store, the open barrel of oatmeal, flour, crackers or sugar, the tub of lard or butter, the crate of fruit or fish, the keg of pickles, were bound to attract and welcome flies and filth, so that originally pure foods were contaminated and impure products became still worse. The modern package has abolished this evil for all who care about the cleanliness of what they eat. Unless you prefer to pay for foods that are certain to be dirty, likely

to be stale and possibly infected with disease-germs, you will always give package-goods the preference over bulk. The package is presumptive evidence of cleanliness—the open barrel is positive proof of dirt.

Packages Identify Their Contents

But the secondary effect of the package idea is vastly more important to you,—since the publication of *The Westfield Book of Pure Foods*. For the package enables you to identify what you buy—and to know who made it. In the old days the consumer never knew, and the grocer often couldn't tell, who manufactured the goods offered for sale in bulk. There was no way of being certain that what you bought was what you expected to get—a paper bag has no identity. The package makes it necessary for the maker to put his name on his goods and for the grocer to deliver what you ask for. It enables you to order by the name of the brand or the maker and to be sure of getting what you order—a tre-

mendous improvement over the old, blind plan of selling in bulk.

The Deceptive Package

But the package plan has been adopted by the fraud and the adulterator as well as by the honest food-manufacturer, and although it still offers protection against contamination subsequent to manufacture, it also affords a means whereby the food faker can better than ever make dishonest goods resemble honest ones.

The Westfield Book Makes Choice Easy and Sure

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods is simply a handy, compact list of foods which have passed the exhaustive, impartial tests of the capable chemists of the Board of Health of Westfield, Massachusetts, (The Pure Food Town) and are absolutely known to be pure, clean, nourishing and honestly labelled. The Book gives these, classified conveniently for ready reference. It tells you the names and makers of a

number of foods of every important classification, most of which can be bought at any grocery. It mentions none that are not absolutely fit for your use.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods makes it a simple, easy matter to supply your family table with the right sort of eatables, and to lock your door once and forever against the food fraud and the food faker. You can get it by filling out the coupon below and mailing it with ten cents in stamps or silver to the Board of Health, Westfield, Massachusetts.

Send for it today. Use it yourself. Show it to your grocer and let him see that you mean to be guided by it. Tell your friends. Persuade them to join you in its use. You not only benefit yourself, but will help to make foods better for everybody. Don't run risks. Don't pay tribute to the food-frauds, don't hurt your children's health and your own by buying the slow poisons used to make bad foods look like good ones.

The Westfield Book makes you sure your food is pure. Send for it. Use it. Talk about it.



Here are some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

Tear off the corner of this page
BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS.
Enclosed find my name and address
send me the Westfield Book of Pure Foods
Name _____
Street _____ Post Office _____ State _____ Who's Your
Grocer?

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

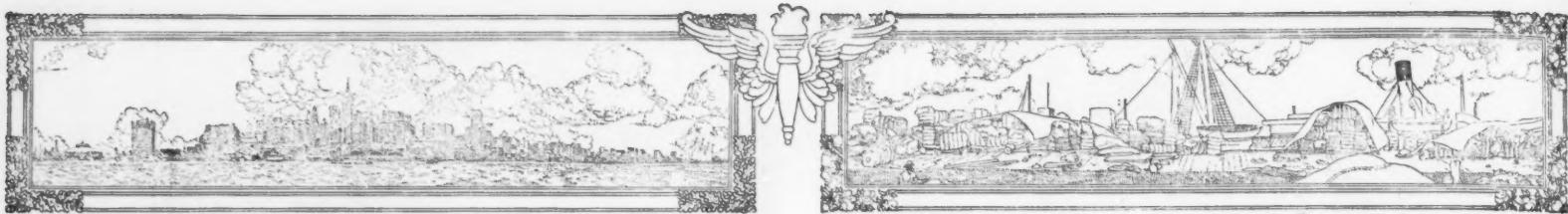
ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



*The
Interrupted Mission*

It must have been with joy that the messenger who came with glad tidings started on the earthward flight. But when he draws near at this season, it is with troubled eyes that he sees a world still full of anger.



THE TURN OF THE YEAR

NOW, in this season of peace, we face toward the veiled future, strong to win from it whatever its mystery holds. From unwearyed plenty new life comes tumbling out upon this earth, serves its turn, and is replaced by other freshness, never failing. So we go our way, linking the long past with the ever-shaping future. As white as the snows of the gathering winter and green as the leaves of the coming spring, so pure and so fresh are the days of the year that is ours. In them we shall make the history of our race and time. We stride out in the morning to a world as fair as ever greeted ULYSSES when he surprised NAUSICAA and her maidens at play. We, and we alone, stand between the immeasurable past of all history and the dim times that lie ahead. We merge ourselves in that unceasing flow. But for us all would end. All the patient labor of innumerable workers would crumble and be lost. Stern battles have died away in long recessions of sound, and out of that agony our peace has come. The silent host of those who fought and toiled are bidding us enhance the heritage. They abolished slavery, overthrew tyranny, conquered pain. All our vision is won for us by their straining eyes, and the high hopes that we cherish grow from their yearning. The goals they struggled toward and never reached, the horizons they put forth beyond the western stars, their gallant quests and Holy Grails, are interwoven in the richer texture of our days. The silent process waits on us. The pressure of the universe is upon our shoulders, and we take up the task eternal.

WHERE THE TASK LIES

FROM Mr. H. G. WELLS's latest book, recently published under the title "Marriage":

"And about this sordid-looking wilderness went a population that" "seemed at first as sordid. It was in no sense a tragic population. But" "it saw little of the sun, felt the wind but rarely, and so had a white," "dull skin that looked degenerate and ominous to a West-end eye. It" "was not naked nor barefooted, but it wore cheap clothes that were" "tawdry when new, and speedily became faded, discolored, dusty, and" "dragged. It was slovenly and almost willfully ugly in its speech and" "gestures. And the food it ate was rough and coarse if abundant, the" "eggs it consumed 'tasted'—everything 'tasted'; its milk, its beer, its" "bread was degraded by base adulterations; its meat was hacked red stuff" "that hung in the dusty air until it was sold; east of the city TRAFFORD" "could find no place where by his standards he could get a tolerable meal" "tolerably served. The entertainment of this eastern London was jingle," "its religion claptrap, its reading feeble and sensational rubbish without" "kindliness or breadth. And if this great industrial multitude was neither" "tortured nor driven nor cruelly treated—as the slaves and common peo- " "ple of other days have been—yet it was universally anxious, perpetually" "anxious about urgent small necessities and petty dissatisfying things."

THE RAFT OF STATE

OF THE UNITED STATES of eighty years ago, thus DE TOCQUEVILLE:

It is most especially in the conduct of foreign relations that democratic governments appear to me to be decidedly inferior to governments carried on upon different principles.

It was his idea that a democracy is not a ship of state, but a raft; it will not sink, but the feet of everyone are under water. Eighty years have brought less improvement than is desirable. Only a short time ago were stillborn, with much bother, twin treaties to arbitrate all differences with France and Great Britain. Now arises our first great question with one of these powers—the matter of the Panama Canal tolls—and, uncompeled by treaty, we will not arbitrate. This is mere rafting.

AN OHIO JUDGE

ONE OF THE PLEASING VICTORIES of the last campaign was the election of Judge R. M. WANAMAKER of Ohio to the Supreme bench of the Buckeye State. He was the only candidate not a Democrat elected on the State ticket. His election showed the keen discrimination of the average voter. He received the highest vote ever given any candidate for any office in the history of his home county. In the State at large he was highest of the thirteen Supreme Court candidates. He made his appeal directly to the people. He reasoned that a governor who appoints a judicial officer rarely appoints one with whom he is not personally acquainted, and that the people of the State, who were about to make a similar choice, were entitled at least to see him and to learn what manner of man he was. The unique thing about Judge WANAMAKER which made him the only successful candidate not a Democrat was this: He went to the people with a definite progressive program for judicial reform as applicable to the Supreme

Court of Ohio. He was the first judge to be elected to the highest court in any State east of the Mississippi who avowedly favored the recall of judges by popular vote. He insisted that the people of Ohio had recently adopted a progressive constitution, and that the next reform was to get progressive laws under that constitution; but that neither or both of these would be of any avail unless progressive-minded men were elected to the Supreme bench. A reactionary court might pull the teeth of progressive laws. Judge WANAMAKER is that most radical innovation—a popular judge.

INTO THE OPEN

ONE OF THE MOST thoroughly satisfying phases of the agitation for woman's greater political and economic freedom is that it seems to be almost inevitably associated with activity in the open air. The traditional sphere of woman, since she has ceased to cultivate the fields, is indoors, to the distinct detriment of her health and mental calm. Women whose need of strength is so imperative have been tied down by the nature of their work and their social prejudices, rather than by their physique, to lives debilitating and provocative of nervous disorders. They do not get enough exercise in the open air. It is peculiarly significant of the attitude of the modern woman that, when a group of suffragists wished to make a particularly striking appeal to the Governor-elect of their State, they did not make the occasion one for glamour and social appeal, but for a long expedition on foot in the bracing weather of early winter. Even the city-bound woman, with her parades and open-air meetings, is getting more than her traditional share of the wind and sunshine. From this phase at least of the woman movement there can surely be few dissenters. If along with the mental freshness that comes with an active interest in the world's affairs there goes also greater strength and symmetry of body, something will indeed have been gained for the future of humanity. The calmness of mind, the suppleness of body, and the vivacious spirits that come from overflowing health are the surest augurs of happy, peaceful companionship, successful, joyful motherhood, and proficiency even in that phase of life for which some still think the harem to be the proper preparation.

A NEW SENATOR

WE ARE INDEBTED to Mr. PHIL E. ZIMMERMAN of Lindsborg for this specimen of the hortatory literature used by the recently successful Democratic candidate for United States Senator from Kansas. Somehow this card gives an added zest of curiosity as to what sort of Senator this new member will be. There are those who claim that as the Senate has improved in conscience it has deteriorated in dignity and intellect. It would take a pretty poor Senator to be less, either in dignity or intellect, than the Hon. CHARLES CURTIS, whom Mr. THOMPSON succeeds:



**Help WIN this Race BY VOTING
FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR**

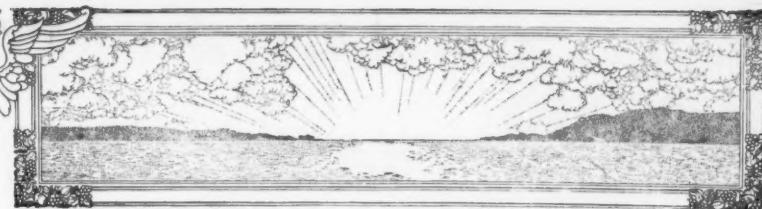
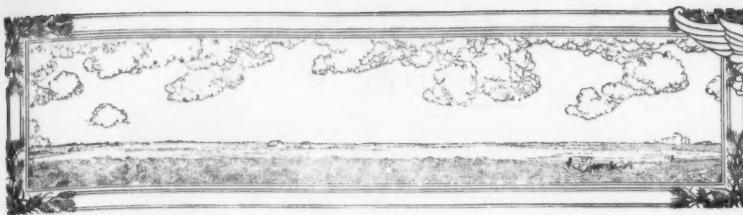
WILLIAM H. THOMPSON X

Democratic Candidate and the People's Choice
Against Stubbs, the Millionaire Candidate
Don't Forget Democratic Legislative Candidates.

Kansas, by the way, never fails in gameness and humor. Her most recent contribution to both is the manner in which the Progressive, STUBBS, takes his defeat by Mr. THOMPSON. "Kansas did more," he says in exalting his native State; "Kansas made the Democrats secure by giving them the one additional Senator needed to make a working majority in every department of the Government." We end this course of cerebration feeling that, on the whole, STUBBS would have made the better Senator.

THE SHIFTING SENATE

THE CHANGE by which Texas loses BAILEY is intellectually a decided deterioration. BAILEY's conscience is not up to the ethical standards of his time, but no one could see him on the Senate floor or read his speeches without acknowledging his power. The new Senator from Texas is better known for speeches that "you could waltz to" than for thought or learning. The change that brought WORKS of California in on an Insurgent wave lowered the intellectual average of the Senate decidedly; and STEPHENSON in the shoes of SPOONER is no increase in responsiveness to popular demands, and otherwise is a severe trial to the most robust optimism.



THE STANDPATTER

A MICHIGAN NEWSPAPER provides us with this report of words uttered in the course of a public speech at Saranac by the Hon. WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH, then and now a candidate for reelection to the United States Senate. If Senator SMITH has anywhere denied the words and views here imputed to him, the repudiation has not been sufficiently fleet-footed to catch up with us:

IONIA, MICH., October 29.
I have taken my last cut at the tariff [said Senator WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH Monday in his Saranac speech]. If you want it lowered, get somebody else to lower it. We are getting near the danger mark, and I have gone the limit.

When any future historian seeks a single sentence in which to crystallize the mental attitude of the tariff Standpatter, here it is. Could ALDRICH do more? As a matter of fact, PENROSE has done less; he framed and introduced an amendment lowering the Wool Schedule. This type of Standpatter who regards the Payne-Aldrich tariff with the same reverence as the Ten Commandments is a more effective bar to progress than the one who merely looks upon the present tariff as a dishonest system, in which his only concern is to be sure to get his share.

THE DOMESTIC NOTE

A YOUNG PHYSICIAN in Hubbard Woods, which is a suburb of Chicago, started to crank up his automobile with the clutch in the throttle open. The machine jumped ahead, knocked him down, and ran over him. His wife and four young children, seated in the car, assisted in this Juggernautish humbling of the head of the family. Said he afterward to a friend: "I'll bet that's the first time on record a man's whole family ran over him." The friend regarded him thoughtfully. "Possibly," said he, "in just that way—"

THE CHANGING DRAMA

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ARTISTS—whether painters, playwrights, or novelists—have been a little afraid of Nature almost from the beginning. Life, unveiled by ethics or not run into the conventional molds dear to the lazy-thinking public, has seemed almost indecent. This is especially true of the stage, where convention has held longer than elsewhere. Until a few years ago, both in England and America, naturalistic plays almost invariably came from abroad. There has been a great change in England during the past ten years. IBSEN was, no doubt, the original motive force, while Mr. SHAW has performed useful service as popularizer and general stirrer-up. Plays like "Strife," "Don," "Justice," "The Pigeon," were not being written in England a decade ago. Even such a popular piece as "Milestones," with its lack of "action," would scarcely have been accepted by a manager of that day. Mr. GALSWORTHY, writing on "Platitudes Concerning Drama," feels that a new English drama is growing. "It is not renascent because this or that man is writing, but because of the new spirit. A spirit that is no doubt in part the gradual outcome of the impact on our home-grown art of Russian, French, and Scandinavian influences, but which in the main rises from an awakened humanity in the conscience of our time." We have a similar awakened humanity in this country, but it has scarcely as yet found expression in plays. We have light, cheerful comedies in a journalistic vein, and occasional "strong situations" of the manufactured sort; but of men who write of life as they actually see and feel it, with authority and an austere suppression of easy bids for favor and applause, who simply set down the facts, so to speak, and let them speak for themselves, we have as yet almost none.

"HINDLE WAKES"

A PLAY recently produced in New York; Mr. STANLEY HOUGHTON's "Hindle Wakes," is an interesting example of the work of the newer English school. Here is a piece almost without "action," in the old-fashioned sense of the word, depending for its effect principally on revelation of character, with scenes of the simplest sort, yet possessing the qualities of suspense and interest in an unusually high degree. The theme of the play is the betrayal—if such it may be called—of a Lancashire mill girl who goes off on a joy ride with her employer's son during bank-holiday week. The accidental drowning of the girl friend she is supposed to be with reveals the truth, and the business of the play consists in showing the effects of her act on her parents, the parents of the man, the man's fiancée and her father, and the man himself. The whole thing is played in terse, pungent Lancashire dialect, and reveals searchingly and with a continuous quiet humor the prejudices and weaknesses—and virtues as well—of the persons concerned. Neither author nor players once compromise their quiet, absolutely veracious note. "Hindle Wakes" is one of the two or three really important plays of the season.

WHY COME?

POOR AMERICA! If she houses her libraries, her kitchens, her shops, or her artistic enterprises in fine structures, she is a vulgarian, and "See her plutocratic extravagance!" hisses her critics. If she uses modesty and gives the best grand opera in the world in an unpretentious tenement, like the Metropolitan, in New York, "See her inartistic sense and parsimony!" exclaims the foreigner. It is not enough that the Rockefeller Institute does grand work for science, and that the institute's head, Dr. CARREL, receives the Nobel Prize. "I am disappointed in the *furniture* of the institute," sighs a distinguished British scientist after looking it all over.

SOMETHING FOR WINTER

HERE IS A SUGGESTION for school children, especially for country-school children and their teachers. Some of the youthful farmers who have made two ears of corn grow where none grew before ought to be particularly interested in it. It comes from Mr. RICHARD HAUGHTON, who tells in the "Rural New Yorker" of some experiments he and his brother have made on their farm in Chester County, Pa., to find the best method of preparing soil for sowing alfalfa. The experiment is the same as that suggested by Professor MILTON WHITNEY in Circular 18, Bureau of Soils, United States Department of Agriculture. It consists of testing, by planting seed in pots, the actual soil of the farm under various conditions of fertilization. The disadvantage of the usual scheme of devoting several plots of the farm itself to the crop under test is that it is comparatively expensive, and that at least a season is used in arriving at the result. The advantage of the pot experiment is that it is cheap and may be carried on in winter indoors. Especially constructed wire pots are used, different soils put in each, and the result is known in a few weeks. There is a photograph of eighteen of these pots accompanying Mr. HAUGHTON's article. To some ground limestone had been added; to others bone, bone and potash, nitroculture, etc., etc. Those that were inoculated produced plants very much larger than the soils without inoculation. The actual results on the farm seemed to justify the pot experiments. The Agricultural High School at Sparks, Baltimore County, Md., has tried this system of experiment under the guidance of Professor CROCHERON, and it has also been tried with success in Tredyffrin and Easttown Townships, Chester County, Pa. Mr. HAUGHTON's article is in the "Rural New Yorker" for November 9. The instructions for carrying out the experiment may be found in the Agricultural Department Bulletin, already mentioned.

WHAT CAN YOUR CHILDREN DO?

THE IMAGINATION is liveliest in childhood. If the individual has any creative instinct, it will crop out early. Most writers have samples of childish work carefully cherished by collectors or grandmothers. In the notice of a sale of rare books recently held in New York there appears "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times: A Satire," written by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT at the age of thirteen. As there are only five or six copies of this masterpiece extant, we have never read it. W. H. MALLOCK, the essayist, composed the following at the mature age of eight:

The breezes are blowing
Around me, above me;
Oh, I should be happy
If Celia would love me.

But without Celia's love,
The breezes may blow,
And, for all that I care,
To the devil may go.

We ourselves made a few infantile sallies into the realm of literature. At ten we were living on a ranch in the far West and spoke the vernacular of the country. This is one of our bits of aspiration:

When the seed is freshly sown
'Neath the shaddow of a stone,
I lie all alone
By the meadow ditch.

And often do I hark
To the singing of a lark
Who soers until dark
By the meadow ditch.

Oh, the center of my dreams,
The best of all the streams,
As in the sun it gleams,
The meadow ditch.

The bird mentioned must have been a pure flight of the imagination, for we are sure that larks do not "soer" in the State of Washington, even by irrigation ditches. Our grandmother saved this treasure to posterity.

'TWAS EVER THUS

SPEAKING of wives in "Shakespeare," we have often thought that HAMLET and PORTIA would make an ideal couple. But PORTIA married BASSANIO and HAMLET was in love with OPHELIA!

The CONFESSIONS

An Astonishing Revelation of His Operations in Broad Street, the Outside Ally of Wall Street



ONE minute after ten o'clock on the first Monday morning in December, 1912, I stole fifty dollars. No officer of the law will apprehend me for that ordinarily indictable crime of grand larceny. I am immune. My victims were a trusting pair of prosperous gamblers. Do you not recall that comforting maxim of adolescence: "Second thief, best owner"? We country lads exemplified it concerning jackknives, fishing tackle, and hound pups.

For the ensuing day I could afford to perform the first really honest, and consistently the hardest, labor I ever attempted in the twenty years of my parasitic business existence. That was to outline for publication an insider's warning to a gullible public. No, to make a comfortable living neither as a free-lance pickpocket nor the wheelman in a graft-protected roulette game.

I am a reputable broker and trader on the New York Curb. My word is as good as a surety company's bond; daily I operate in stocks worth many thousands by a mere nod of the head, sometimes with an almost imperceptible wink.

How did I manage to gather fifty good dollars in sixty wicked seconds during these dull times? It was easy for a commission broker of my skill and experience. In truth, any one of several hundred others could have equaled the performance. Many times a day these clever mulctings take place, differing only in degree from the following particulars:

BEFORE the market opened, a Stock Exchange firm (to be known as "A" in this narrative) gave me an order to buy one hundred shares of Tobacco Shops Common "at the market"; another house (call it "Z") instructed me to sell the same amount of the stock in a like manner.

When I rushed into the Smoke Crowd, the quotation was 108½ to 108¾. For the layman's illumination, that meant that hundred-share lots could be bought for \$10,875 or sold for \$10,825.

I promptly reported to my respective order sources that I had bought one hundred shares of the security at 108½ and sold one hundred ditto at 108¾. These transactions, of course, were made "under the hat," with an obvious gross profit of fifty dollars in my favor.

For safety's sake, I then proceeded to "cross" the Tobacco Shops Common stock at 108½ and 108¾. Whispering my instructions to two cronies, I again went into the turmoil.

"A hundred at three-quarters!" yelled Crony No. 1. "I take it!" I shouted at him.

The rest of the boys within hearing merely smiled. They are tolerant of this rough work, having done it unnumbered times themselves.

A few seconds later Crony No. 2 called out: "A quarter for a hundred!"

"Sold!" I roared, and walked away in virtuous dignity. If the Nicotine Group grinned more broadly, none made an audible objection to my farcical performance. Moreover, those alleged sales would appear on the official quotation sheet, thereby satisfying my Stock Exchange connections that I had been on the level, or effectually forestalling any complaint they might make.

In sober truth, no disinterested broker there could swear that my purchase and sale were not legal. My accomplices would not fail me. Snitchers are a negligible quantity on the New York Curb. What man dare boast of clean palms where all are making their bread and butter handling pitch? I, frankly, am a traitor to my clan in printing this betrayal. If the authorship is traced to me, I will be boycotted and ostracized by every broker and employee inside the Curb Association and out.

WITH that fifty-dollar difference in my undisputed possession, I next put through a precautionary "clearance" trade at a brother Curbite's office. Call him Blank. He has only an occasional public customer being mostly occupied with the glossing-over process for us more active trimmers. There are a half dozen houses like Blank's. I distribute my pickings among them to avoid comment and suspicion from my own customers and Stock Exchange connections. It naturally looks bad to give up continually the name of one house as buying from or selling to yourself.

Blank's comparison slips and books should have exhibited the following formula: Bought 100 Tobacco Shops Common at 108½ from "Z" account of "X." (I am the unknown quantity.) Sold 100 ditto at 108¾ to "A" account of "X." Both "A" and "Z" now would have Blank's name on their respective contracts.

Blank charged me two dollars for this service. In-

cidentally, he would go before Supreme Court of the United States to the purchase and sale were for count at those identical prices. I also was debited two dollars on the selling side for the State's revenue stamp. My legitimate commissions from "X" and "Z" being \$2 each, the net result was a neat half hundred.

There was an interesting aftermath. About 10:30 "A" broker called me on the phone.

"What was the high sale on Tobacco Shops Common?" he inquired, hopefully.

"It sold up to 109 after I bought yours at 108½," I assured him.

"Make my report 108½, and I'll go joint account with you on the \$12.50!"

"Thanks, old man; but why not call it 109 and cop \$25 for ourselves?"

"Now, let's have a heart! It'll cost the customer 109 by the time he pays the firm's \$12.50 commission. What is the stock now?"

"107½ to 108½, last sale 108½."

"Gee, the poor boob is out nearly a hundred beans before he gets his report! Well, there's only one born once a month now instead of every minute in the good old days of 1906. Strong, old boy! I'll give the cash to-morrow when the stock goes through. I don't like checks for these little affairs, you know!"

After that agreeable understanding, I telephoned "Z's" office manager. He is a member of the firm, handles the customers' orders in person, and concededly is capable of engineering his own stealings.

"The low price on Tobacco Shops Common," I informed him, ingratiatingly, "was 108½. I sold a hundred for you at a quarter, you know. Shall I have any printed at 108?"

"If you don't," he replied, pleasantly, "I'll hand out my future business to an up-to-date Curb thief who will! Send me the difference. A bearer check will do."

The complacent crook! I did not suggest that he declare me in on the \$25 pilfered from his client. "Z's" manager formerly was a member of the New York Curb Market Association. We understand each other thoroughly.

To straighten out the changed details of the transaction, I corrected my reports to Blank from 108½ and 108¾ to 108 and 108½. Adding "A's" and "Z's" commissions of \$12.50 apiece and a \$2 revenue stamp, here was a variance of \$114.50 between the simultaneous net purchase and sale. The curious might inquire which customer lost this sum? It should be divided equally, of course! The potential chance at the trading moment was that the stock would either go up or down. This time the purchaser happened to choose the unlucky resultant.

I SINCERELY wish more of these good things would come into the Outside Market! In 1906 I made so much money from their market orders that I should seriously have injured the feelings of any order clerk presuming to offer me a joint account on a paltry \$12.50. Recently I have learned to appreciate sixteenths (\$6.25) or thirty-seconds (\$3.12), and I do not scorn even the lowly penny mining stocks with their dollar possibilities per hundred shares.

Some of the thoroughly unscrupulous ones among us would have induced Blank to change the figures on "Z's" incoming bill of sale from 108 to 108½, and thus have reutilized the canceled \$2 stamp. This is rather mean piking, I think. Also, I am desperately afraid of any law on the statute books.

I have freely employed the criminal terms "steal" and "crook." When I arrived home on Monday evening and gayly greeted my helpmeet, I glibly described that successful fraud of the morning as "scalping." My wife, who has been sightless since a childhood attack of scarlet fever, proudly refers to her husband's profession as that of "an operator in stocks and bonds." We are a childless couple, and she imagines me to be the epitome of all the masculine excellences. To her I am sweetheart, husband, father, brother, and son, a much beloved, all in all, whom her poor eyes will never see.

Heaven forbid that my smiling, serene life companion ever shall learn the whole truth about my enterprises! I am not only a nonproducer and a parasite, but a sinner. I have no more right to inculcate the Curb's gambling spirit in some innocent clerk or small merchant than has a bartender to drum up trade for his grog shop by encouraging an abstainer to take the first intoxicating drink. Both acts are equivalent crimes against squareness, charity, and decency.

Measured by the higher law, the winner in a stock

gamble plainly is culpable of profiting by someone's bitter loss. I believe this phase of the sordid situation is becoming rather well understood by the American people. Until ten or fifteen years ago the solid citizen who hoped to "make a killing in Wall Street" was eager to be quoted as a speculator, or, better yet, an "investor." To-day even the confirmed ticker fiend indulges his mama in a shamefaced manner.

We Curbites are a light-hearted crew of commission pirates. At our worst we are good-humored, tolerant, and forgiving. At our best we would fleece a fellow member with as small mercies as we show our customers if the brother broker gave us the chance. Taken all in all, we are, ethically, socially, and financially, midway between the race track and the Stock Exchange. There are about three hundred live-wire specimens of my type within the ropes on Broad Street midway between Wall and Beaver. Whether they specialize in Standard Oil subsidiaries or the lowest-priced mining stocks, all are worshipers of luck, fatalists, and philosophers.

OUR arena is directly in front of the abandoned offices of George Graham Rice and J. Thomas Reinhardt. The former recently completed his workhouse sentence for a flagrant misuse of the United States mails; the latter is an involuntary bankrupt and isolated across the Atlantic Ocean from his indignant creditors. Both of these warped geniuses for fake stock promotion were in their separate heydays acclaimed as King of the Curb.

Rice floated the Ely Central Copper Company, with 1,600,000 shares, each of \$10 par value; the Rawhide Coalition Mines Company, 6,000,000 shares, \$1 par; and the Bovard Consolidated Mines Company, 5,000,000 shares, \$1 par. Thousands of investors throughout the United States, Canada, and Mexico ached with the memory of what these wildcat mining propositions cost them. The high price records are: Ely Central, \$5.25 per share; Rawhide Coalition, \$1.47; Bovard, 22 cents.

To-day's quotations of interest to stockholders follow: Ely Central, one-half cent bid per share. Rawhide Coalition, fifty cents bid for a lot of one thousand shares, or one-half of a mill per share. Bovard, absolutely no bid to be found anywhere.

Reinhardt's pets were the Porcupine Central Mining Company, capital \$1,000,000, shares \$1 each; the Porcu-



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C U R B B R O K E R



pine Southern Mines Company, capital \$1,000,000, shares \$1 each, and the Porcupine Northern Mining Company, capital \$1,000,000, shares \$1 each. The credgloves were landed with this quill-studded trio at an approximate average of \$150 per share. The high points were: Porcupine Central, \$5.62½; Porcupine Southern, \$2.31¼; Porcupine Northern, \$1.75.

To-day they are quoted as follows to those Yankee and Canuck unfortunates who yearn to realize something from the slaughter: Central, 7 cents bid per share; Southern, 6 cents; Northern, 5 cents.

Their majesties Rice and Reinhardt, introduced that malodorous half dozen to the pocketbooks of investors by special warrant of the Curb organization. The charge for listing a so-called mining company is \$100. Some are admitted to trading as prospects, but this warning fact does not appear in the newspapers or on the official quotation sheet.

NONE of the aforesaid six was a producer at the mines. The only way they possibly could pay the promoter lay in that unlawful manipulation known as "washing." The Laundry Trust should watch its unsuspected rival working within a stone's throw of the majestic Stock Exchange. Shares of Tennessee Coal and Iron and the Hocking Pool, but the floor members know how to do it themselves! However, we outside market lads are unsurpassed as manglers of financial rough-riders.

A large proportion of my fellow parasites are members of the New York Curb Market Association. Their dues are \$25 a year, an annual income of about \$7,000. New listings furnish about \$3,000 more. We understand that there is a fund of \$17,000 in our treasury to defend us in the courts if occasion arises.

It is popularly believed down here that "City Hall is being sweetened" to allow the incorporation of a public street for a restricted trading-membership. An intelligent and tactful member of the Traffic-Squad shepherds us. His stipend is \$1,400 a year. We offer thanks to the patient taxpayer for this boon. The New York Stock Exchange's rules and regulations govern us, and we enjoy the friendly interest of the major trading mart. Our earnest test is: "The Exchange steals indoors; we do our dirty work in the open!"

I bank at the largest down-town institution. If I saw one of its employees in a Curb broker's office, I



John Sloan

should walk around and reduce my deposit to the lowest checking allowance. If I caught him in a New York Stock Exchange house, I would sprint into the bank and draw out every cent of my modest account.

The three hundred Curbites have, at a conservative estimate, an average of three employees apiece. In addition, there probably are a hundred camp followers, such as financial writers and touts and quotation gatherers.

That is a grand total of one thousand souls to be fed, clothed, and sheltered from the Curb cornucopia.

I am weak on statistics, but it seems plausible to me that our maintenance alone costs the nation \$5,000 every working day. That makes \$1,500,000 annually. No mathematician dare do more than approximate the staggering yearly Curb losses of a speculative public in oil, tobacco, industrial, gold, silver, and copper stocks. You can find some of the figures in the bankruptcy court. Now and then side lights show in the criminal docket or the coroner's office, revealing embezzlement, murder, and suicide.

Suppose, through legislative action or by moral effect, the ten hundred Curb satellites of chance could be diverted into a utopian field. Think of the broad, fecund acres they would plow and seed and harvest! There is a dream to inspire the poet. A saving sense of humor prevents me from riming the thought myself. I cannot possibly imagine my alert and cynical Broad Street girl stenographer as a rural milkmaid. Her destiny is not to rake the meadow, but to trim the hayseed!

THE promotion of wildcat and mad-dog stocks, so fatal to the unwary lamb, never is the least bit opaque to us initiated vultures. The method, unvarying and as time-honored as the green-goods and gold-brick games, is simple and direct.

Upon the heels of a genuine boom in an oil or precious metals district, some cunning Rice or Reinhardt secures a cheap option on adjacent territory. It might yield traces of the neighboring petroleum or quartz if a weak-minded optimist could be led to dig or bore there.

The up-to-date promoter is not so visionary. He prefers to gouge and bleed the rich and ready get-much-for-little vein in the body politic. Americans have a craze for stock certificates. They will sink a thousand hard-earned dollars in some just-heard-of fake when you could not sell them a full-weight double-eagle for nineteen dollars.

So, "The Intercontinental Golden Fleece-Gathering Company" is launched. After being listed or admitted to quotation on the New York Curb, "wash" sales (closely related to my Monday morning "crossing" of Tobacco Shops Common) establish a range of say \$5 to \$5.25 a share. This triumph duly is set forth on the official sheets and copied by the newspapers. The trap is set.

The pocketbook investigator carefully scans his sucker list, financial rating sheets, insurance company reports, and records of legacies. Expert salesmen scatter far and wide to towns, villages, and farming communities. The cities usually are seined through the medium of newspaper advertising columns.

The road agents are armed with an artistic prospectus, which unobtrusively avoids any direct guarantee of intrinsic value in the proposition; a sheaf of crinkly certificates engagingly announcing in prominent type that they are "full-paid and nonassessable"; and the official quotation sheet to prove that there is a recognized market for the "security" in the chief city of the United States.

IN a distant hamlet, the grocer's widow has received one thousand dollars from the insurance company. It is in the local bank, temporarily. She had to hire extra help to run the store. The new clerk's salary is a discouraging outgo. Her two children are small, and they must have that good schooling which is the inviolate heritage of young America.

Always lurking in the mother's brain is a black and growing fear that she may fail to win through to Harry's public school diploma. In sunnier moments, her dazzling hope is that the happy day will come when Mabel demurely steps out on the auditorium platform of the county-seat high school for her commencement reward. The widow, in fond imaginings, has planned and sewed that graduation dress a thousand times.

And here, providentially, is a well-dressed stranger offering her for one thousand dollars the very last three hundred shares of "Golden Fleece" in his control. She sees in convincing print that the stock sells every market day at \$5 per share or better on the Curb.



Her unworldly perceptions the salesman's argument that three hundred shares must come on the market through a public cannot pierce that these come on the customer. He is "forbidden by his contract with the company to speculate in the stock."

THE widow does not confide in the banker while nervously drawing out her precious hoard. He is a hard man, who has been known as the forecloser of mortgages against dilatory borrowers. She does not propose to be engineered out of her five-hundred-dollar profit what a godsend the increase will be!

After the widow's mite and the crinkly stock certificates change hands the well-dressed stranger quickly disappears from the scene, never to return if he can help it.

It matters not through what channel, Stock Exchange or Curb house, the new stockholder attempts to market the "full-paid and nonassessable" securities. "Golden Fleece" continues to be quoted around \$5, but the cruel truth soon must be hers. There is no real bid anywhere.

The promoter increases his city luxuries a trifle. Back in the quiet hamlet the phantom of a filmy, beribboned graduation dress is a downright horror to the half-crazed mother.

Overdrawn? No, underton! Glance at an old quotation sheet, say of 1906 or 1907 vintage, with its fifty mining and oil stocks. Ask a Curb broker to give you the present market prices on them. Twenty-five will have to be marked "dead." Drowned in tears, perhaps. Fifteen can be quoted from ten cents per share value down to one cent. Five still may be at their thieving tricks under aliases, "reorganized" or "absorbed." The remaining five represent honest, if not entirely remunerative ventures.

That is a deadly percentage of ten to one against the reckless or unguarded investor. The plain arithmetic of this widespread stock-gambling curse should be taught in the schools right after the morning prayer.

Here is a sober prophecy: In the event of our aggressive country going to war with a foreign power, or because of some equal national disaster, the majority of the New York Curb stocks would break practically to nothing per share. Almost every oil and mining issue here has hanging over it a trembling avalanche of treasury stock. They are floated solely to be sold. Why will not the purblind public understand this colossal fact?

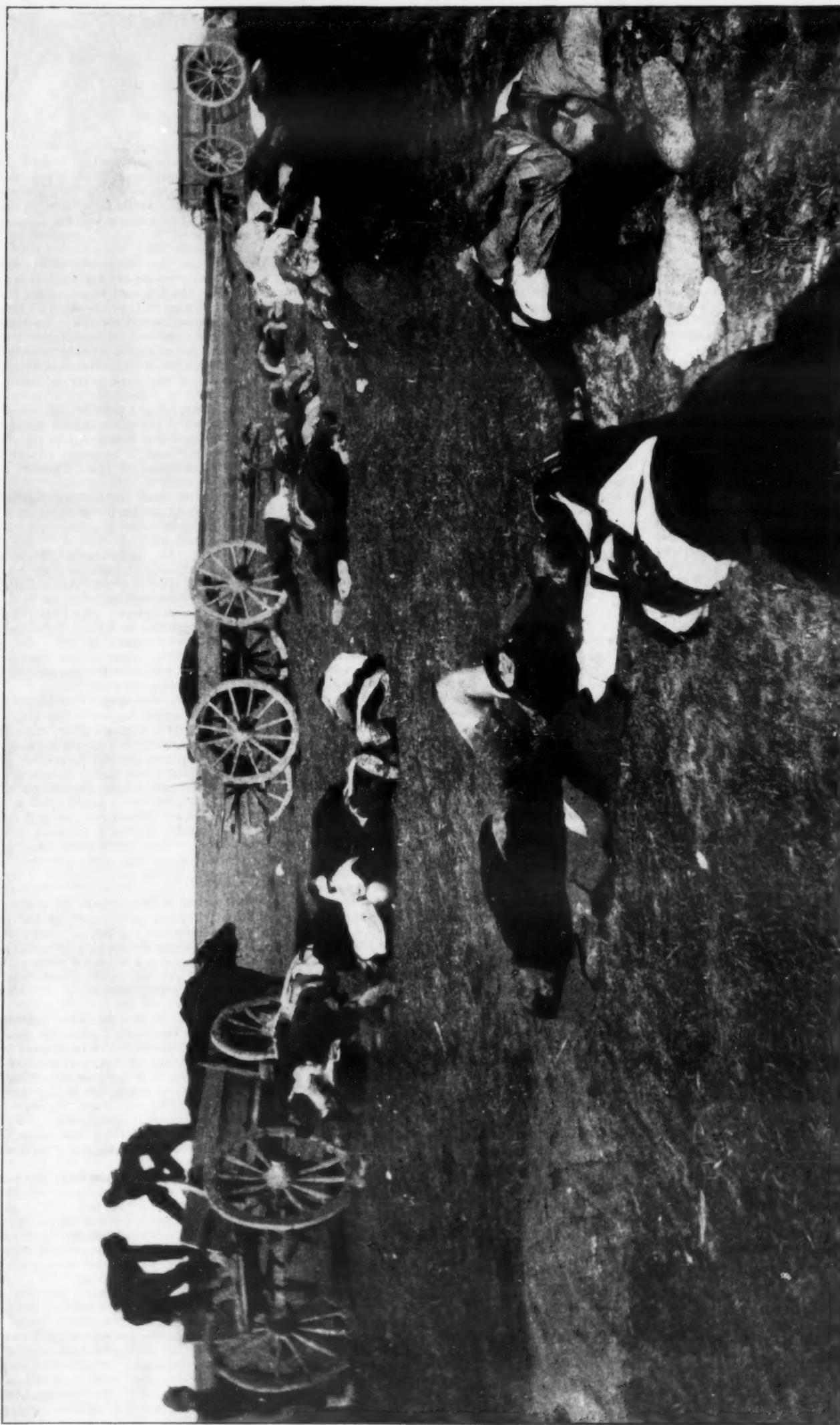
EVEN proved dividend payers are dangerous. It is forever a guess which way the cat will jump. Brokers' commissions and money interest charges eat up small profits. Large losses are the rule. In my considerable experience as a witness of stock market affairs, I have handled over six thousand customers' accounts. The names of not more than four or five winners occur to me now.

And always we have with us the cancerous bucket shop. No man can foretell the secret moment when a previously conservative firm commences to back its pardonable belief that all customers are fools.

A pretty scheme is to send buying advices on a certain stock East and North, and selling tips West and South. The resulting orders are "crossed," "matched," or "washed" against the customers at the high and low marks of the day. An elastic official quotation sheet is a friend tried and true to the greedy bucket-shop keeper.

All is well with the house while the market goes in its favor. If the clients miraculously gain a large credit balance the firm gracefully fails. "Heavy overhead expenses," they call it; or "A number of important accounts were undermargined." In these cases no one goes either to jail or Europe. The Federal Bankruptcy Law is a fairy godmother to the skillful insolvent.

SOMETIMES I have a sincere fear that the metropolitan Police Department will raid the Curb, if for naught else than disorderly conduct. Then, again, I am quite sanguine that the omnipotent Stock Exchange will protect us. We are indispensable to many of its members for the incubation of doubtful stocks. They are the master brigands, levying a titanic toll on the financial world. Their woof is so intimately interwoven with the warp of American legislative, judicial and social activity that it all seems a perfect fabric. If the National Administration interferes with stock speculation, No. 23 Wall and No. 26 Broadway could wreck the Wilson party with a panic which would make that of 1907 look like a rest cure for paralytics.



After the Bands Stop Playing

In this picture the Turkish dead are being removed from the battle field of Chatalja in the rude carts of the peasants. The cost of their victory was heavy for the Turks, but the repulse of the Bulgarians at the Chatalja line of forts saved Constantinople to Islam. Repeated assaults of the Bulgarians upon the fortifications failed to force an opening through the massive defenses. The attacks of cholera upon the Turkish troops, and the fear that the disease would spread soon into the camps of the investing Bulgarians, did much to hasten the cessation of field warfare and the negotiations for peace.



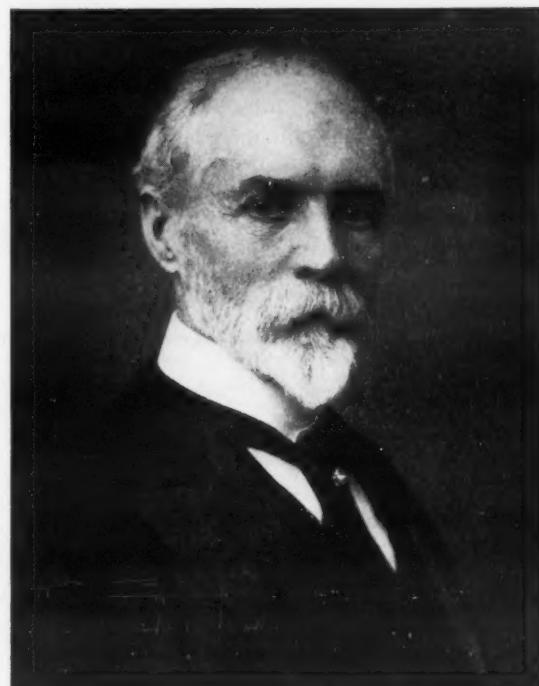
Lower New York's New Sky Line

Now that the Woolworth Building is finished, lower New York is displaying its new sky line. The photograph is taken from the Brooklyn Bridge. The Woolworth Building represents the climax of the twenty-fourth year of the idea that is responsible for American skyscrapers — skeleton steel construction on caissons. The building has fifty-five stories and contains 2,500 offices. The Singer Building and the Bankers Trust are visible to the left



A Modern Pilgrimage

A group of suffragists made a picturesque appeal to William Sulzer, Governor-elect of New York, by marching on foot in the winter weather from New York City to Albany carrying a petition that he mention suffrage in his inaugural address



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Whitelaw Reid

Born October 27, 1837 — Died December 15, 1912
He was one of the first citizens of his country, distinguished in his earlier life as an editor and later as an ambassador. He was born at Xenia, Ohio, was graduated from Miami University, and bought the Xenia "News." He became a correspondent at Columbus of various Ohio newspapers, and later was war correspondent of the Cincinnati "Gazette." After the war Reid met Horace Greeley, a friendship was begun, and Reid became editorial writer on the "Tribune." Later he was managing editor and then editor. Reid was Minister to France under President Harrison for three years, and became Ambassador from the United States to the Court of St. James in 1905 by appointment of President Roosevelt

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE casual reader of the newspapers might reasonably conclude that about half the world has entered into a conspiracy to make things difficult for Mr. Wilson and the Democrats. Some of the participants are quite unconscious of what they are doing. Others are entirely deliberate. The latter class includes a good many newspapers that supported Wilson, as the lesser of two evils. First, there was the widely distributed story that Mr. Bryan had been chosen as a kind of boss of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet, that he had been asked to choose the rest of the Cabinet, and that he was going to Bermuda to get Mr. Wilson's O.K. on the list. The denial of this story led to the birth of its immediate opposite: Mr. Bryan had not been invited into the Cabinet; therefore, he had rented rooms in an office building in Washington and was going to move "The Commoner" there and set up business with the avowed and immediate object of making trouble for the Wilson Administration. This story had barely died away when it was announced that Mr. Bryan had evolved a dangerous financial heresy with regard to banks and currency, and was going to try to press it upon the Democratic Administration.

The purpose of most of this, of course, is to embarrass Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan in their personal relations; to make it difficult for Mr. Wilson to invite Mr. Bryan into his Cabinet, and to cause Mr. Bryan, if he is left out, to feel hostile to the Administration, so that he will, so the authors of these stories hope, do what he can to wreck the Administration. This sort of agitation reached its climax in these phrases from one of the New York papers which have been most diligent in the invention of falsehood in this field:

"Mr. Bryan is the genius and incarnation of disaster. He owes all his fame, his fat possessions, his prestige to his insatiable capacity for defeat. He is the Evil Eye of the Democracy. Shall he be the Evil Eye of the coming Administration?"

In determining whether Mr. Bryan would lend strength, in the sense of popular support, to the Cabinet, it will be a help to bear in mind that Mr. Bryan has three times received more votes for the Presidency than Mr. Wilson. If Mr. Wilson wants to make Mr. Bryan Secretary of State, there is no reason why he should not fill the office acceptably; in the course of his trips about the world, and his visits to capitals and rulers, he has acquired infinitely more familiarity with diplomacy than the present occupant of the office. Mr. Bryan in the Cabinet would act as an automatic insulation, to keep away those persons whose access is most apt to do harm to the Administration. In Congress, probably a majority of the Democrats are earnest partisans of Mr. Bryan; a smaller group, it must be admitted, feel strongly the other way.

Bricks for Underwood

THE other group of persons who are doing what they can to hurt the Democrats make Mr. Underwood their target. They say he is as much a boss as Cannon was. Mr. La Follette's paper expresses it in hysterical italics: "The Demo-

cratic House is a slave of the vicious caucus system." Whether stated as fact or as inference, the assertion that Underwood's position bears any close relation to Cannon's is quite untrue. Doubtless the caucus system isn't perfect; doubtless the time is soon coming when public opinion will force most committees to sit with open doors and take record votes. But anyone who looks far enough ahead must realize that any weakening of the Democratic organization's power just now will be taken advantage of by those Democrats who are anxious to escape from the party's pledge to reduce the tariff.

The Real Rocks

A GOOD many people are pointing out phantom rocks ahead of the Democrats, and some more are trying to manufacture new ones. There are just two real rocks: one, the danger that a few traitors may prevent real tariff reduction; the other, that the State rights tradition of some honest Democrats may lead them into fatal errors. One threatening error is to break up the Federal forestry system and give the land to the States; another is to give away the water power in navigable streams without retaining for the National Government control over the franchises.

One Steady Voice

FROM Mr. William Jennings Bryan's "Commoner" for December 13:

"Why all this discussion as to what should be done on the tariff question? The path is clear—*immediate reduction* along the lines laid down in the platform would seem to be the only thing in order. From some of the advice now being given one might suppose a platform was merely a thing to get in on."

A Washington Newspaper

A CONSPICUOUS and mischievous fact about Washington is its strongly reactionary atmosphere. Society, official and unofficial business, all the points of contact of members of Congress, are apt to be strongly standpat in influence. The chief agency in the creation of this atmosphere is the principal newspaper of the city, Mr. John R. McLean's Washington "Post." Mr. McLean is a man of very great wealth, largely invested in public-utility corporations, and his idea of a newspaper is an organ to serve the interests of his other investments. He is an avowed Democrat, and has at various times been the Democratic candidate for United States Senator and Governor of Ohio. As a matter of fact, he belongs, of course, to that group of easily ambidextrous high priests of big business who constitute what Senator Beveridge calls "the invisible government." Throughout the Taft Administration the "Post" has steadily promoted the interests of Aldrich and Cannon, and by a diligent policy of suppression and belittlement made the progress of the Insurgent movement, in a hostile atmosphere, more difficult. A new Congressman who reads this paper morning after morning soon loses his touch with the people and the atmosphere of his own county seat a thousand miles away. A marked example of the way this paper

helps, subtly but forcibly, to color thought and action at the national capital is to be found in this extract from a recent leading editorial:

"There will be one great force in the next Congress whose ability to accomplish anything will depend almost solely upon a realization of its own strength. At least forty members of the new Democratic majority were elected on personal platforms, promising a continuance of the protective principle in tariff making. In addition to these frank protectionists, there were many others who promised to see to it that the industries of their own districts received proper protection. . . .

"These Democratic candidates for Congress were elected because they promised to use their influence for the preservation of the protective policy. If all the Democrats who have promised to protect home industries were to join forces, it is doubtful whether there would be any revision of the tariff at all. . . .

"The Democratic protectionists owe it to themselves and their States to realize their own power, and to form coalitions for their own protection. They may not be able to give their own industries the degree of protection expected, but at least they can use their influence toward modifying the entire tariff program. By pursuing the selfish policy of demanding protection for themselves, and not caring about the other fellow, they cannot expect to accomplish anything. But by joining hands, and taking action for mutual protection, they can accomplish a great deal."

Here is the key to what will be the policy of the Standpatters during the Democratic régime. To follow this lead is the surest possible road to destruction for the Democrats.

The Date

A NEW Congress is elected in November. Normally it does not meet until thirteen months later. It is only by the calling of a special session that it meets within six months of its election. Most people think this rule is constitutional. It is not. The Constitution specifies the first Monday in December as the regular meeting time unless Congress "shall by law appoint a different date." There is no sanctity about the present system. Probably a good deal of agitation for a change in the inaugural date, which would require a constitutional change, might be better directed toward the simpler business of bringing the election of the Congress and its first meeting much closer together.

Some Figures

M.R. E. L. GREENEWALD of Washington points out that if Congress were made up on a basis of proportional representation, the number of members representing each party would be as follows:

Democrats.....	180	Socialists.....	26
Progressives.....	125	Prohibitionists.....	7
Republicans.....	96	Socialists (Labor).....	2

This would be instead of a present basis which gives the following quota:

Democrats.....	205	Republicans.....	105
Progressives.....	35	Socialists.....	None

The Socialists lost their only member of Congress, Berger of Milwaukee. As a matter of fact, however, the Socialists are the one party which increased its vote in the recent election. The Democratic victory represented an actual loss of votes for that party compared with 1908. The Taft and Roosevelt vote combined represented an actual loss as compared with the Republican vote in 1908.

LUCIA ANCILOTTI

From the Field Notes of a Settlement Worker

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS



MISS J.—, who told me this story, is a robust and practical young woman employed by a philanthropic bureau to investigate and report upon the condition of the poor in certain tenement districts of New York City. She lives in a Settlement House that is supported by private benefactions, as a sort of social center for the quarter in which it stands; and she presides over some of the girls' clubs that meet in the Settlement House in the evenings. She is a sociological student, college-trained, and scientific in her attitude of mind.

The story is true, but Miss J.— wishes to remain anonymous; and she does not wish to expose anyone else to the consequences of publicity. For these reasons I have disguised every recognizable detail of name or place or incident in her narrative.

Its pitiful accuracy, however, has been proved during the month by the testimony taken by a legislative commission.

Miss J.— speaks:

WHEN I was living in the Settlement House in B— Street, before I came to this one, an Italian girl named Lucia Ancilotti was one of our "Sweet Sixteens," as they called themselves, although she was not more than fourteen at most. They came to the Settlement House, on certain allotted evenings, to meet as a club for various ostensible purposes of self-improvement, but really to dance for half an hour or so after the necessary pretenses of club work had been hurried through. And Lucia was a wild young dancer, instinctively graceful, with a passion for the abandon of musical movement that made her rather a scandal—especially to Miss Norris.

You know how young Americans dance, gravely, with an empty look in their eyes, as if all intelligence had gone down to direct their feet. Lucia danced, with her lips parted, in a high color, smiling excitedly. She was a handsome, dark, smoldering sort of child at her quietest. The excitement of the dance put her into a fever. Whenever poor Miss Norris reproved her for her indecorous exuberance—as Miss Norris might have called it—she had a maddening way of looking at the woman, stonily, with a large, silent stare.

Miss Norris was one of those volunteer workers who come to the Settlement House to help "uplift" the poor. They lose the strength of their uplift in six weeks usually, and retreat to the upper airs of culture to recuperate. (She stayed almost three months sustained by a devout inability to appreciate her own uselessness.) She was a little spinster, perhaps fifty years of age, very pleasantly gray-haired and benevolent. She had retired from school-teaching because she had fallen heir to sufficient property to sustain her without salary. "One can do so little good as a school-teacher," she would say.

IMAGINE that! Little good as a school-teacher!

She wished to come into personal contact with the lives of the unfortunate. I gathered from her conversation that she believed they could be best uplifted by the power of example, by contact with the aristocratic spirit of virtue, by unconsciously imitating the ideals and emotions of unselfish sweetness and light. Of course, I exaggerate. But she had this idea, if she did not formulate it very precisely even to herself.

Lucia Ancilotti was not easily uplifted. Certainly not by Miss Norris. She was much too strong in spirit to be ruled by the spinster's personality. And I watched her "cheek" Miss Norris through the usual stages of indignation, superior pity, and angry dislike down to the final persistent small malice of the school-teacher who cannot "do anything" with her pupil.

One night Miss Norris put her out of the "Sweet Sixteens" for dancing some of the forbidden "turkey trots" or "bunny hugs" that are so immodest except where the elegances of society make them merely improprieties that are rather "smart."

Lucia accepted her ejection with a silent glare of

deep Italian hate. "That girl will murder some one before she's much older," Miss Norris predicted. "Murder some one!"

THE great discouragement in our work comes from the flabbiness of character that so often results from poverty—from decent, debilitating, ill-nourished poverty. And the fact that Lucia could look murderous confirmed my interest in her. I walked home with her to get better acquainted.

She was quite silent at first. You know, you cannot find out anything about these people by asking them questions about themselves. A stranger's curiosity is just as impertinent to them as it would be to you. That is why so much amateur settlement work is a failure.

I knew Lucia's girl friends, and I got her talking by asking her questions about them. Where was this one working now? How was that one doing since her marriage? What had become of the other? Our Italian girls marry in their teens, and Lucia had a purely natural frankness about all the family affairs of life.

She spoke of them with a simplicity that would have shocked Miss Norris, much of whose spiritual refinement came of her superior power to ignore. Miss Norris would have been displeased, too, by her slang; for, though Lucia was of pure Italian parentage, she used the colloquialisms of the quarter without any trace of foreign accent. She said that Miss Norris made her sick. She had the same feeling for school. She was looking forward to leaving it in a few months when she should arrive at the age when the law allowed her to get her "working papers." She had no doubt that she could get "a job." No, she had no particular training for anything (thanks to our system of ornamental public-school education). She would work in a factory like the other girls and earn money of her own to buy pretty clothes. That was why she wanted to go to work, she said.

YOU would have no idea that she was deceiving in any of this. She seemed to be welcoming the struggle and servitude of unskilled labor as an escape from the repression of school discipline and the oversight of her family. She walked along beside me with her chin

Lucia accepted them as a country girl would accept a muddy road.

I asked her in what factory she expected to find work, and she replied that her family had been doing "home work" for a manufacturer of women's white wear, and she knew that he would employ her. At home now, after school, she helped to "finish" corset covers—to clip the seams and cut the threads left by the factory machines, and to run the ribbons in the garments and tie these in bows. For finishing a gross (144) of corset covers the family was paid from seven to nine cents. When they all worked they could finish from eight to ten gross in a day—from 1,100 to 1,400 corset covers—and earn from fifty cents to a dollar. Lucia hoped to earn three dollars a week in the factory. She was, naturally, eager to be at it.

She said good night at her door in a cheerful friendliness, and hurried upstairs to make a few pennies before going to bed. I thought of her at work as I walked back to the Settlement House. I wondered whether anything in Miss Norris's girlhood had ever meant as much to her as the dance at the club meant to Lucia. I wondered how much "indecorous exuberance" Miss Norris would have had left in her if she spent her evenings finishing corset covers for eight cents a gross after a long day in school. And what could we better assist and encourage in the girl than that very exuberance?

I spoke to Miss Norris about it when I returned. She had the modern fear of pauperizing the poor with too much charity, but in her relations with these children of the poor she demanded the grateful and obedient attitude of mind that betokens a pauperism of the spirit. I found that she was planning to call on Lucia's mother, to advise with her about the daughter. I warned her that this would be a great mistake, that Lucia would never forgive us for making such an appeal to domestic tyranny, that if we did not lose the girl we should certainly lose all influence over her. I succeeded only in persuading Miss Norris to allow me to make the call myself.

I HAD a most interesting hour with Miss Norris that evening, exploring her mind. She would say: "Of course, you know, I'm rather radical"—because she believed that women should vote; because she objected, in confidence, to parts of the Old Testament; because she was opposed to "government by force," and professed to see no hope for society except in the self-improvement of the individual. She seemed to think that for this latter reason she was quite an anarchist. Obviously, she prided herself on these desperate ideas, but she confessed that she did not think it wise to shock people by expressing them. She seemed to think that poverty was largely a matter of individual failure—caused by viciousness, weakness of the will, lack of moral strength, and a general inadequacy of virtuous effort. Of the part that our industrial system has in making poverty—of the economic laws that govern us all—she had about as much idea as I have of the order of checks and balances that preserves the orbits of the solar system.

I went next morning to visit Lucia's mother. You will think I am exaggerating when I tell you the conditions that I found. As a matter of fact, I shall not be able to tell you the whole truth. It's unspeakable.

They were living on the second floor of what is called a "double dumb-bell" tenement, in three rooms, for which (as I learned later) they paid eighteen dollars a month rent. The house was not ramshackle; it had an appearance of being kept in stern repair, though



And in one of these beds Lucia's father was dying in the last stages of tuberculosis

up, in a brisk young defiance of the cold wind and the frozen slush of the streets. It was a raw December night. The garbage had not been collected for several days—because of some trouble in the street-cleaning department—and the boys had been kicking it around the pavement and pelting each other with any refuse that could be thrown. The sidewalks were in a condition that would have disgusted Miss Norris.

it was dirty. The door of the Ancilotti flat opened on the kitchen, where a single gas jet burned in an atmosphere that would stick in your throat. The little four-hole cookstove—burning soft coal and smoking around its lids—had to supply heat for the whole apartment, and not a breath of outer air could be allowed to chill the hoarded warmth. Even so the place achieved only a fetid tepidity, stale and clammy, with the indescribable composite of smell that you find in prison cells and the forecastles of some tramp steamers. If you don't know that odor, nothing will describe it to you.

FROM the kitchen I passed into a bedroom, where there were two double beds covered with piles of corset covers that were being "finished." And in one of those beds Lucia's father was dying, in the last stages of tuberculosis. He was sitting up, under the gaslight, with a vest buttoned over his gray flannel shirt, his knees drawn up under the dirty quilt, eating tomato soup out of the tin can in which it is sold. In one hairy, lean yellow hand—like a sick monkey's—he clasped the red-labeled tin; with a pewter cooking spoon in the other, he was digging out the last mouthfuls of the doubtful-looking vermillion liquid; and his deep eyes, incredibly hungry in their worn sockets, devoured each spoonful in anticipation before it reached his lips, and then, regarding me blankly for one gulping instant, plunged into the can again ahead of the spoon. He was unshaven; his stringy black hair was down over his ears; he had the forehead of a yellowed skull, with hollows in his temples.

The old woman who was working over the corset covers at his bedside was his wife, Lucia's mother. Her fingers were crippled with rheumatism. The young woman who had ushered me in proved to be a daughter-in-law who lived upstairs and came down to work here. The two infants playing on the floor were hers. Lucia and her small brother were at school. But in the evening, when Lucia and the boy were home, they usually all worked together in this room—with its one narrow window tightly closed against the odorous outer darkness of the well of brick that is called the air-shaft—breathing the effluvia of tuberculosis and tying pretty infected ribbons in bargain-counter lingerie.

I had introduced myself as one of Lucia's friends from the Settlement House, and they had accepted me in a manner that made me suspect they were an "assisted" family. They were. It appeared subsequently that they were even a "rehabilitated" family, and were entered as such on the books of one of our charitable aid societies. The father had been kept for two months in a hospital; the mother had been given employment, which she had resigned, of course, when her husband returned to her care; and some clothes had been donated to the children. Thus rehabilitated, as soon as aid was withdrawn, they had inevitably relapsed into the conditions from which they had been rescued.

Such is the peculiar virtue of our organized charity: it treats symptoms without any danger that it will effect a cure. Never mind about that.

I WAS interested in Lucia and her working papers. To get them she had to be, by law, at least fourteen years old, weigh at least seventy-five pounds, be not lower than Grade 5B in the public school, be able to pass a simple examination in the rudiments of commercial work, and have a school certificate showing

that she had been in attendance at classes for at least 130 days previous to her application. She was more than fourteen years old; she weighed ninety-eight pounds; but she had only recently reached Grade 5B, and she had twice failed to pass the school examination for working papers. Her brother was nearly fourteen, but he was an anemic child, with a weak chest; and they could not get his weight above seventy pounds.

I learned all this from the mother, with the assistance of the daughter-in-law, who interpreted the frequent passages of Italian for me and interrupted the mother's bewildering volubility to explain what I did not catch. Then the father began. And that was almost more than I could bear. He had no voice left, just a choked gurgle of weak breath, forcing its way through inflamed membranes in a crackling and bubbling wheeze. I don't know what he said. Something about being a truckman and owning a horse and wagon, which his elder son still drove. It was the son who had sent him the tin of tomato soup. He became terribly excited in his attempts to explain himself, and brought on a fit of coughing that resulted in a hemorrhage. The sight of blood—I am not used to it. I was afraid it was going to make me ill. The rooms were so close. I didn't know how to help him. His poor wife was doing that. The girl was rescuing the corset covers. I hurried away, to get outdoors.

I am not telling you this to harrow up your feelings but to make you understand what "home work" in the tenement-house district may involve.

I WENT back to Miss Norris and harrowed her so effectively that she volunteered to take Lucia under her special charge and tutor her for her examinations. And so we began with our temporary palliatives, like a farmer treating one plant for a blight in a whole field that is infected with it. We could do nothing for the father; he was practically dead. We got Lucia's brother into one of our gymnasiums and tried to strengthen him. With Miss Norris's aid Lucia passed her examinations and received her working papers from the Board of Health. And I began to think that we were in a fair way to "rehabilitate" the Ancilotti.

Lucia got employment in the underwear factory for which she had been doing home work. Two weeks later she was discharged. Why? Well, the law requires that no child under sixteen shall be kept at work in a factory later than five o'clock, and Lucia was only fifteen; so they worked her as late as they pleased until just before the factory inspector was due to make his usual visit, and then they discharged her. She went around to other factories in the neighborhood. Most of them had no vacancies. Some of them would not have her because of her age. Others offered her \$2.50 a week, which she would not take because she could earn as much as that at home. A retail notion store in the Ghetto offered her a dollar a week to work from 8.30 in the morning to 10.30 at night; and this seemed to be the prevailing wage in such shops. Lucia, disgusted, returned to home work, where there is no age limit, no provision against night work, and no law to require adequate light and air or sanitary conditions. That is why home work thrives.

In our district here we have tiny infants of three and four years old working on artificial flowers, sorting the colored petals into heaps. We have little tots of five or six years tying knots in willow plumes, which is a work that cannot be done by adult hands as well

as by these delicate small fingers. We have them picking out basting threads, snipping seams, and giving a sort of kindergarten aid in all kinds of unprotected industry. It ruins their eyes and destroys their health. It makes the school children backward in their studies, because they come home to labor instead of to play, and spend their evenings earning instead of studying in their books. Every law that is passed to protect workers in factories sends more workers back to these unprotected homes; and the courts, of course, find that it is unconstitutional to interfere with home work.

I N THE case of the Ancilotti we were struggling with problems which only the united effort of the whole community can solve: a housing problem of getting these unfortunates cheap and sanitary homes; an employment problem of protecting them from exploitation by employers after we have saved them from the greed of landlords; an educational problem of teaching them in school some industrial skill with which to earn a living—problems which have been solved in other countries as easily as they could be solved in America; but here they are left to private charity and the feeble efforts of settlement workers, and the tenement districts of our cities remain a disgrace to barbarism, the most appalling spots of human misery on the face of the earth!

The last I heard of the Ancilotti, they had withdrawn their boy from school in order to fatten him, so that he might get his working papers. They objected that the walk to school and back reduced him; and they were all going hungry so that he might be fed on milk and eggs. Lucia and he were working in those rooms with the others. The father, by some miracle, was still fighting for breath. Miss Norris had been to see them. I gathered from her that she was not likely to go back. She was afraid of tuberculosis.

And Lucia? I don't know what became of her. Or, rather, I do know, but not specifically. These Italian girls rarely desert their families; even when they become street walkers, they bring back their wages to their parents. The boys sometimes become idle loafers and drunken "bums," but the girls always earn. When I moved from the district I lost track of Lucia, but I know she is slowly working out her "indecorous exuberance" at whatever task we, her masters, have set for her. She can hardly have much spirit left by this time; and if she dances at all, it will be with工作ed shoulders, I imagine.

Miss Norris, I have lost track of, too. She gave up the struggle when she learned, as we all do, that it was not immorality that she had to fight against, not weakness of will or any lack of virtuous effort, but physical conditions of life that make morality scarcely possible, that weaken all but the strongest wills, and do not yield to any virtuous effort.

W HEN a family has to pay eighteen dollars a month rent for three pestilential rooms, corset covers infected with tuberculosis will be "finished" there for eight cents a gross. We, as a community, take advantage of the necessities of the Ancilotti in order to make them work like starving slaves for a wage that will not keep them healthy, and in dark rooms that we would not use for cattle. One way for them to be innocently revenged is to put the bacillus of a horrible death into the blue bow that looks so pretty under the bosom of a peekaboo waist in summer. There are other ways. Many of them. But I am boring you?

THE SIX RUBIES

II—Miss Meredith

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

G AUNT crooked his finger at the nearest waiter, and said:

"Let's have another round of the same. I'm going to tell you something funny." I should have been glad of another whisky and soda, for I had been walking the streets in the snow and I was tired, but I caught the eye of the lady across the little café table, the lady who nowadays called herself Miss Dorothy Meredith, and it seemed to me that she shook her head very slightly, so I shook mine, too, and said another drink would spoil my appetite for dinner. Nevertheless that little gesture had interested me very much, for neither Miss Meredith's present appearance nor what I thought I knew of her past record seemed to mark her as the kind of lady who would interfere between a dissipated-looking young gentleman and his pet vice.

Yet upon reflection I seemed to remember that she had more than once checked Gaunt when we three had sat at the little corner table in the Café Martin and he had clamored for "another round of the same." He had been very docile about it, too. She was stronger than he by a good deal.

He seemed a little impatient this time, but Miss Meredith said:

"Nobody wants any more, Johnnie. It's much too



near dinner time; and besides, I've got to go in a few minutes. Tell your funny story if you're going to!"

So Gaunt held up his hands. "All right, Dolly! All right!"

He turned to me: "Rogers, didn't you say you were at Harvard up to a year or so ago? Yes? Well, did you happen to know a solemn young ass there of my name—one Peter Gaunt?"

I said the name was familiar to me, though of course in these days of big classes and small clubs one didn't know very many men outside of one's intimate circle.

"Oh! no, I dare say not. I thought you might perhaps be able to tell me what the fellow was like. I've got a ruby of his."

"Have you, though?" said I.

"Yes, that is I've got a ruby that once was his. He'll try his best to get it back again, I suppose. Well, it's my job to see that he doesn't."

"Is that the big uncut ruby that you showed me once?" Miss Meredith asked, and he nodded at her.

"Yes, you remember I said my father had sent it to me. That was true, all right. The old man sent it to me and he sent five like it to my brothers—one big ruby to each. D'you know why my father should send cousin Peter's rubies to cousin Peter's cousins?"

"No, Mr. Bones," said Miss Meredith, "I do not. Why should your father send cousin Peter's rubies to cousin Peter's cousins? Is that the proper question? If I wasn't very sober I couldn't say it."

"That's the funny story. You see young Peter's family is too proud. They've had permanent and incurable stiff neck for centuries, and they've looked at us as if we were a bad smell just because one of us was forgetful, a long time back, and left a bar sinister behind him. Well, they had a special, pet, sacred,

family possession, six big uncut rubies stuck on a black shield—a kind of Gaunt totem—holier than anything you ever saw; and they'd rather have been boiled in oil than have anything happen to them. So when young Peter's father, who was the head of the family, died a couple of months ago and young Peter came into his job of keeper to the royal rubies, my father thought it was a good time to remind the other house that man is mortal and only God has a right to be proud. All that holier-than-thou business had been getting on his nerves. So he slipped across country from his house to Peter's one dark night and carried off the six rubies.

Miss Meredith made a noise rather like whistling.

"D'you mean your father *stole* them?"

"Well"—Gaunt seemed just a bit disconcerted over that plain word. "'Stole' sounds a bit harsh. 'Looted,' if you like. You see he wanted to teach the young cub a lesson. I tell you they were impossible, that family! They were like people in chain armor in a history book. They were prehistoric. They got on my father's nerves. He stole the rubies as a kind of huge joke and a—well, an act of defiance together. Besides, he said we had a better right to them than the other lot. We're the elder branch of the family, and the rubies are family property; they don't belong to any individual; they can't be sold or given away. They're the Gaunt rubies."

"If you're the elder branch," said I, "why haven't you had the rubies all these centuries?"

But Gaunt laughed.

"You see, there's the matter of that bar sinister. All the family property went to them. Well, that's all. There's my story. I thought it was funny, but it doesn't seem to get much of a laugh out of you two. It wasn't *stealing* in any ordinary sense, you see. It was just taking the feather out of their cap and transferring it to ours. Young Peter must be very, very sick."

I NODDED and laughed.

"I expect he is. Do you think he'll try to get the rubies back? If he's as medieval and proud as you say, he will."

Gaunt laughed again, but with less mirth—a somewhat rueful laugh.

"To tell the truth, the fellow has got one of them back already. He and an uncle of his went the next evening to my father's house (they're not cowards; I'll say that for them), and the uncle held my father up with a pistol while Peter got a ruby away from my brother.

"Luckily the rest had been sent away by post, one to each of the other sons. Yes, I suppose Peter will have a try at mine, sooner or later. That's why I asked you if you'd known him at Harvard. I wanted to hear what he was like. I've never seen him."

"Well, for my part," said Miss Meredith simply, "I think the whole thing is a silly college-freshman trick and I wish you were well out of it. That ruby is going to bring you trouble, Johnnie. You mark my words. Your young lunatic of a cousin will come after it one of these fine nights and somebody will get hurt."

Gaunt patted her hand that lay on the table top and laughed, but Miss Meredith's very handsome face was anxious and troubled.

"I don't want to say anything against your father, who is doubtless a very nice old gentleman, but I wish you'd tell him from me that practical jokes have gone out." She looked across at me, and back, after a thoughtful moment, to Gaunt.

"And there's another thing, too. You oughtn't to go telling that story about. You'll tell it to the wrong person some day."

"I hope," said I, "that you don't think I'm the wrong person." And after regarding me once more with some deliberation, she answered: "I hope not."

Gaunt and I both stared at her in great surprise for, though she was frequently brusque, rudeness had never been her way. Gaunt was annoyed and turned red and nodded to me in an apologetic, propitiatory fashion.

"You mustn't mind Dolly! She's upset over my having that silly ruby. She's afraid I'll get into trouble."

"Oh, you'll get into trouble all right," said Miss Meredith. And he answered with a touch of irritation: "Don't be an idiot, Dolly! I can take care of myself."

THEY seemed, I thought, on the verge of one of those small squabbles that they were eternally having and that always ended in an apology from Gaunt, whether he had been right or wrong; for he was a weak man and, though irritable, couldn't bear to be long in Miss Meredith's bad graces. So I tried to divert his attention—and besides, there was something I wanted to know. I asked him what this ruby with the odd history was like. He said it was just an irregular lump, roughly polished but uncut, and perhaps a bit more

than an inch long; very dark in color. I suggested that it must be of great value and he agreed.

"Yes, it's worth a pot, I should think, but I'm not afraid of its being stolen. No ordinary burglar would look at it twice."

THIS was coming near to what I wanted to know, and I asked:

"Do you mean that you keep it about you, in your rooms, and not in a safety deposit place?"

Miss Meredith was seized just then by a fit of coughing, but Gaunt, after squirting a little seltzer into her empty glass, and advising her to drink it, said:

"Oh, yes, it's at my place. I'll show it to you some time. It's an odd lump of a thing."



THURSTON D. SHADBROOK

He had withdrawn only far enough to raise his foot and to drive his heel hard against the flimsy bolt. The door gave way with a crash, and we sprang into the room together

Miss Meredith, looking for some unexplained reason, impatient and rather angry, rose to her feet and said she must go as she had to dine with a friend. Gaunt, who also had an appointment elsewhere, rose with her. I thought the lady's bearing toward me showed, to put it mildly, some reserve, but Gaunt's smile and his "See you to-morrow!" were as hearty, as well-nigh wistful, as ever. He hadn't many friends, poor chap, and was pathetically glad of anyone who would trouble to sit with him for an hour, now and then.

SO THEY went out into Broadway, but I stayed on where I was for a little while longer, reflecting upon Mr. John Gaunt, whose acquaintance I had made in this very room not more than ten days back, and upon the pretty lady who called herself Meredith. I wondered if I could be mistaken in identifying her with a Miss Patsy Beecher, whose face and fame had been slightly known to me during my university days. I wondered, too, if it had been the more or less accidental mention of Harvard that had to-day called her so suddenly to arms (the shade of Patsy Beecher taking fright), or if it had been the Gaunt ruby. And from that fell to thinking of the ruby itself, and to making plans.

Gaunt's father had stolen it. By his own confession he was a receiver of stolen goods. He was outside the law.

A waiter, desirous of spreading the little marble-topped table for dinner, began to hover round me, and I got up to take my leave. Buying cigars at the stand in the Broadway lobby, I encountered a man called Slade. He had been a great man in Cambridge ten years before my time, and was now an Assistant District Attorney. I had lunched with him the previous

day at Delmonico's. We turned up Broadway together. The lamps were lit, for it was already dark and snowing a little. The street was full of hurrying people with their coat collars turned up and snow on their shoulders and hats.

I am afraid I was a poor companion, for my thoughts were still full of the Gaunt ruby and plots and plans. However, Slade didn't seem to mind, and we walked on in silence. But as we came to Forty-second Street and were alongside the Knickerbocker, my friend suddenly touched my arm, and said:

"Pull up for a minute, will you?"

He beckoned to one of two men who had been standing together against the wall, and the man crossed to him at once, touching his hat. I got the impression that the fellow was one of that branch of the police known as plain-clothes men.

Slade said: "How are you, Benson? Take a look at that chap standing with a woman in a red hat just outside the subway entrance. It looks like Charley Wing."

"It is Charley Wing," the plain-clothes man said without hesitation. "He's been in town for a week and we know where he hangs out, but we haven't got nothing on him just now. I'll pass him the word if you say so, Mr. Slade, and start him on the road again."

I looked where my friend had indicated and saw a tall, lean man with a smooth-shaven face and dark eyes. I thought he looked white and ill and that he must be cold in the thin, black overcoat he was wearing, but I could spare him no more than a glance just then, for I was immensely excited to find that the woman in the red hat with whom he talked so earnestly was Miss Dorothy Meredith. I caught at Slade's arm, for he was moving on again—whether having advised the plain-clothes man to pass the word to Charley Wing or not I never knew—and asked him:

"Who is the woman? Do you know the woman with Wing?"

HE WAS amused, and shook his finger in pretended reproof.

"No, I don't. What's more, I don't want to, and what's still more, you don't want to, either. Beware of the beautiful ladies who have porch-climbing, safe-blowing pals, my son! If you don't you'll soon wish you had."

I thanked him earnestly for this good advice, and said I had to meet a friend in the Knickerbocker, so we parted and Slade went on his way to a club. But when he was out of sight, I left the small side entrance of the hotel where I had gone for a moment and crossed to the curbstone. The two people upon whom my eyes were fixed had already stepped out into the street, where a policeman was beginning to hold up the north- and south-bound traffic, and I followed them, hidden in the crowd behind. They crossed Broadway and Seventh Avenue and turned north. Once I saw Charley Wing drop the girl's arm that he had been holding (quite as if he were an officer of the law arresting her) and turn a quick practiced glance behind him. But if he saw my face among the many, (which I doubt) it could have meant nothing. He took Miss Meredith's elbow once more and they went on.

I cannot tell quite what motive I had in following these two. I rather think I was without any serious motive. I think it was just curiosity.

They went north for three blocks, then turned west; and here, since there were fewer people in the street, I had to drop some distance behind. But at Eighth Avenue, they turned south again and, after a block, east. Perhaps they wanted to talk, perhaps Charley Wing had formed the habits of his kind and always went to his hiding place by devious ways. In any case they came at last to one of a long row of mean brick houses with little white paper lodging signs at the bell, looked carefully about them (but I was masked behind a group of home-going laborers), mounted the steps, and disappeared within.

I crossed the street and watched for a light to go up in one of the dark front windows. None did, and so I knew they must live at the back of the house. Then I wrote down the number and went home to the club where I was staying.

I FOUND Gaunt at his little corner table at the Café Martin the next afternoon, and he welcomed me with the friendly, eager, wistful smile that I had found so pathetic in him. He fawned upon you so! He was like a dog that has been ill-treated and meets the slightest pat on the head with a frightened eagerness. I couldn't make him out at all, but I finally came to the conclusion that he was a naturally gregarious soul, who had seen himself shunned, and imagined himself (for some inexplicable reason) despised. That he

should be shunned was more or less natural, for he was as dull as porridge and not rich enough to be put up with despite his dullness. But I cannot imagine that anyone ever truly despised him unless in a kind of good-natured scorn for his spiritlessness.

I forgot what we discussed on this particular occasion, but I remember that after a time the conversation turned upon Miss Dorothy Meredith and I made no effort to divert it. Gaunt quite unaffectedly was full of her, and wanted somebody to praise her to, though he

The man rose half out of his chair, staring, his mouth open, his hands spread over the heap of jewels on the table



began with renewed apologies for her somewhat severe treatment of me on the day before.

"You see, old man, Dolly has knocked about the world a good deal (I believed it), and she's grown to be suspicious of everybody. She's made mistakes in picking friends in her time. She's had hard luck with people, and so she's a Missourian about everybody she meets. She wants to be shown and shown good. That's where she's wrong and I've told her so. A woman, like a man, ought to be able to tell black from white the first minute. I can. I knew that you were the right sort before ever we'd exchanged cigarettes. But then I'm a better judge of character than Dolly is. She says so herself."

HE GAVE a little fatuous smile that I found pitiful, and went on.

"Besides, you see, she's just a wee little bit jealous, Dolly is. About me, I mean. We're pretty thick, she and I, and she thinks that anybody else I take a fancy to is walking on her grass. You wouldn't believe the number of friends—good fellows and girls—I've had to cut out on Dolly's account."

So he pathetically pulled the rags of dignity about him and tried to hide his loneliness from me.

"But don't you mind her being a little offish with you for a bit! She'll come round later. Why at first she wouldn't look at me—wouldn't have me at any price. And now—well, you've seen the way she bosses me about. Women only do that to the men they—they care for. So I let her do it because I know what it means. Besides—well I don't mind telling you, old man, that there was a time when I drank a good deal too much. Yes, a good deal. I'd got out with my family and in with a pretty fast set, and I was good and staved most of the time. Then Dolly came along. And just in time, too. She pulled me out. You see I didn't need more than two minutes to make sure she was the one girl for me, and I didn't need more than two drinks to tell her so. Dolly just looked at me as if I'd been a fuzzy green worm—a worm preserved in alcohol—and she said drunks weren't in her line. That landed on me pretty hard because I hadn't been thinking of myself as a drunkard. I'd been thinking of myself as a good fellow. Dolly didn't want any good fellows; she made that plain enough. So I said: 'For God's sake take me in hand and make me what you do want!'

"Well, women can't resist that, you know. They'd rather reform a man than buy a new hat. So, after backing and filling for a bit, she did take me in hand, and for three months now I've had just three drinks a day. She didn't want me to knock off altogether. She said teetotalers always gave people chills—like a parson. Three months on three drinks a day, sometimes less, and I feel like a different man already."

GAUNT shook his head. "I don't know what would have become of me if it hadn't been for Dolly. She came just in time. And I don't know what would happen if she—if I should lose her. She is the only one in the world that can keep me up to the mark. You see—" He favored me

with another of his fatuous pathetic little smiles. "You see if I'm good for another three months Dolly is going to marry me."

"The deuce she is!" said I, and stared at him. Either the quality of my emotion was not expressed in my face or else Gaunt was not perspicacious, for he actually seemed pleased by my astonishment and nodded and beamed at me. He went on then at more length about this wonderful lady who was to join her life to his in three months' time, but I am afraid I paid little heed, for I was entirely occupied with a kind of shocked dismay. It was an outrageous thing that he should actually contemplate marrying this woman. I felt I ought to tell him so. And yet that was out of the question. Who was I, after all, but a stranger—a casual café acquaintance? He would "cut me out" instantly as he had cut out that rather doubtful multitude of other friends, for Dolly's sake. And I couldn't have him doing that—not just now. It seemed to me that I was in a most difficult position. I felt very sure that Miss Meredith was the reconstructed shade of Patsy Beecher, and I knew that I had seen her disappear into a mean lodging house with a notorious criminal. Gaunt ought to know these things, and yet I was as sure as death that if I told him he would say I lied and give the woman a chance to deny what I could not possibly prove. There seemed nothing for it but to wait and watch. I tried to still my conscience by saying that it was no affair of mine, and that if a dull, dreary, and friendless young café lounging wished to marry a lady whose past history and whose present connections were unconventional, the match mightn't be so very unequal—and after all, by his own account, she had redeemed him from drink.

MY THOUGHTS were still engaged with this troublesome lady, the while Gaunt mandered on about her perfections, when the lady herself came into the café looking, I imagined, flushed and a little excited. She gave me a long, hard stare—a stare that puzzled me a little—but no further greeting, and turned at once to Gaunt, saying that she had been detained and had something very special she wanted to tell him. She looked at me again, and I rose and said I must be off. Gaunt didn't want me to go and said so.

"Come, Dolly, it can't be as private as all that. Rogers thinks you're turning him out." But Miss Meredith, with a short laugh, said it was quite as private as that, though, to be sure, she didn't want to inconvenience Mr. Rogers in any way. She supposed it could wait.

She made me a little angry with this continuous and deliberate rudeness, but there was no good in answering back or in staying on to annoy her, so I smiled and said I really must go, as I had an engagement at a club. Gaunt, put slightly out of humor, growled, paid his score, and said he'd walk home with her to her flat.

He wanted to buy some cigarettes, and went on ahead of us into the Broadway lobby. When he had gone Miss Meredith turned her eyes upon me as we stood alone near the door, and her eyes were hard and bright. She said without preamble:

"I think you'd better be called out of town for a bit, Mr.—Rogers. And by the way, how long have you been calling yourself that?"

I had a moment of swift wonder, but I laughed.

"Oh, not so very long. When did you drop the name Beecher?"

I might better have struck her a blow with my fist. Her face turned suddenly and dreadfully gray, and her eyes seemed to sink in like dead eyes.

"For God's sake," she said in a whisper, "don't tell him! For God's sake!" She caught at the front of my coat with her hand, and she was trembling all over. It made me a little sick and I hated myself. But I remembered how I, and what my heart was set upon, stood in danger through this woman, and that hardened me once more.

I said: "I shan't tell him unless you force me to. Do you understand what I mean?"

She couldn't speak, but after a little space of miserable staring she nodded, and presently commanded her voice and said: "Yes, I understand."

Then we heard Gaunt's voice calling, and she turned abruptly away and went to him.

I was left wondering how she had found out that my name was not Rogers.

GAUNT was not at his table in the Café Martin the next day, and I fell into a kind of panic, thinking that the woman had sold me after all and had told him what she knew. But, as I was leaving the place after an hour of futile waiting, I encountered him in the doorway, looking very nervous and disturbed. He caught me by the arm and begged me to come with him to what he called his "diggings" across the street, for he lived in an apartment house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, which has since been replaced by a tall office building.

I still thought, as without exchanging a word we went up in the lift, that Miss Meredith had been denouncing me to Gaunt and that he wanted to give me a chance for denial, but I was wrong. We entered his rooms—a corner apartment—a dreadful place, all red wall paper and green carpet and plush furniture and trumpery worthless objects of "art"—and Gaunt, after

feebly pointing to a cigarette box of hammered copper with bits of green glass set in the cover, threw himself into what I believe is called a morris chair by the window.

"Old man," said he, looking up at me dismally—"old man, I've been robbed. I've had burglars here. Somebody has frisked the flat."

I was at once relieved and sorry, but I mentioned only my sorrow, and asked him if he had lost anything of great value. He said:

"Oh, a ring and a couple of scarfpins and a set of pearl studs"—his voice turned sharp—"and that ruby I was telling you about."

IFELT suddenly very empty and gone, and sat down. I think I said something about its being a serious matter, and Gaunt cried irritably:

"You bet it's a serious matter! I wouldn't have lost that ruby for anything in the world. When the old man knows of it he'll want to skin me alive." Gaunt burst into a flare of weak anger. "It's all his fault. I didn't want the beastly thing. I didn't ask him to steal it from where it belonged and send it to me. He can say and do what he likes, but it's no fault of mine if the thing's gone. Just the same, I've got to get it back."

He seemed to me to swell a little with a kind of ridiculous pride.

"It's a matter of family honor," he said.

As for me, I looked at the hideous red wall and saw utter defeat. The ruby was gone out into the void—utterly gone. I felt sick. Gaunt babbled on about locked windows and fire escapes and honest servants and such, but I didn't listen to him. I sat and tasted bitterness and saw before me only the dark.

I became aware that he expected me to say something, and turned to him drearily.

"I suppose you notified the police at once?"

To my surprise he fidgeted in his chair, looked out of the window and back at me, and down again.

"Well—no, no, not directly, that is. I don't care much for detectives snooping about and asking silly questions and scaring the servants. Dolly, she's got a friend in the secret service department and she is going to have him send out a sort of still alarm. You see—well, hang it! it's like this. The first thing they do, those regular detectives, is to ask just who knew where the stolen things were kept and who had the chance to get at 'em without any suspicions from the servants. That narrows it down to Dolly and me, for Dolly comes in here now and then to have tea with me, or a quiet chat; and I won't have Dolly put through any third-degree cross-examining. You see—well, I told you once before that Dolly had had hard luck and not much shelter from the world, and—I just don't want a gang of hard-faced ruffians prying about in her personal history. I'd rather never see the Gaunt ruby again—and my father can rave and bellow all he jolly well pleases. As for the robbery, God knows how it was pulled off! There's a fire escape, as you see, and the windows aren't often locked. Or there may be a crooked bell boy or chambermaid. Who can tell? Anyhow, the things are gone, and I don't mind confessing I'm devilish upset about it. Let's hope Dolly's friend in the secret service will be able to trace them."

IS AID: "Yes, let's hope so, by all means!" But the poor chap had fixed an idea in my head that stuck there and wouldn't be dismissed. I remembered our talk in the café about the Gaunt ruby. I remembered that Miss Meredith spoke of having seen it. I remembered how I myself had said it must be of very great

(Continued on page 23)



They were weeping together there exactly like two little children

THE YELLOW STREAK

I—DORGAN

THEY let a couple of us talk with him for an hour or so in the guardhouse, his last night, and he loosened up.

His father had been Irish, which accounts for his name, but Irish gone to the bad. His mother was an Indian woman of one of the degraded tribes of the Southwest, which accounts for many other things.

He grew up in the slinking way of a mongrel pup, and first attracted the attention of his fellow men on the morning of his seventeenth birthday. The date was the merest of coincidences, and the attention he could very well have done without.

The morning was coldish, for the desert, and its half light revealed to Dorgan a stretch of low, billowing gray hills with sagebrush showing a lighter ghostly gray upon them. There was a hollow among them where a trickle of bitter water ran through a crust of soda salts, the alkali all newly trampled by the hoofs of horses. The place was Kettle Springs, down by the border, and in the hollow Dorgan made one of a group of cowed and silent cattle rustlers, and shivered a little with something besides the morning chill. The game seemed to be up for him and his five companions.

For on the higher ground another little group of silent men lounged loose-legged in the saddles, across whose horns rifles lay carelessly ready as they waited for the sun to rise.

SUDDENLY, from that group, Dorgan felt a pair of steel-gray eyes bite into his, and heard a menacingly quiet voice drawl: "You—the kid they call Dorgan—you take your horse, and git. You're harmless anyway. You've got a yaller streak, I reckon, and I ain't quite got it on you this time. But"—the owner of eyes and voice leaned forward in his saddle—"but you let me see you round this pais just one time more and you'll stretch your own rope. And if you make any plays anywhere else I'll have you, if it's out o' hell. Now git, you mestizo skunk, and stay got! Sabe?"

So stoop-shouldered Old Man Argerson, leading devotee of the law in that lawless region, "slung the fear of God" into Dorgan that morning. And Dorgan rode away cowed and helpless, listening for a volley behind to inform empty earth and sky that his late companions had paid their debt to Nemesis, and torn between fear and hatred of the man who had read his secret heart aloud. For he had a yellow streak. He knew it. If he held Argerson at gun point at that moment he knew that before the other's iron nerve his own would quail. His hand would waver and the lead might find, or not, the other's stomach. Argerson knew it too, from one glance at him, and pulished to the world the weakness Dorgan had kept covered even from himself by a veil of sullen viciousness and loud-mouthed cursing.

After that meeting with Old Man Argerson, one of the high lights in his dingy gray life, Dorgan drops from sight, a piece of the unconsidered flotsam of the far Western camps and ranges, a silent, slinking thing with a glint of suspicion and hate in the corners of his furtive eyes—drops from sight not to reappear till the late 90's, and then as a middle-aged trooper in a regiment of United States cavalry stationed at Andelaria, in the Philippines.

Why he had enlisted in the army there is no telling. Quite probably he had no definite reason. The dragnet of recruiting stations, lowered after the Cuban campaign to refill quickly the depleted ranks, had simply caught him in its meshes and brought him up from the depths. And how he had lived in the interim one can only guess. Probably a little more rustling, a little high grading, had been the bright spots against a monotonous background of sheep.

WHATEVER his life had been, it had made of him a carelessly daring rider, a dead shot, and a dirty soldier. He made few acquaintances and no friends in his squad room. To his comrades he was a rat-faced, insignificant creature, whose habitual sullenness was now and then broken by sudden, unaccountable, vicious spurts of temper which involved him in many fights. Invariably he was worsted, and invariably he whined out bloodcurdling threats against his chastiser—threats which he never made a move to carry out. His squad room, therefore, set him down as a yellow dog, as Argerson had done, and paid scant attention to him.



By ROWLAND THOMAS

Illustrated by W. M. Berger

His career in the army was as brief as it was inglorious. Within twelve months of his enlistment he was marked down on the rolls as a deserter. His disappearance followed close upon a fight in which he was unmercifully mauled by his troop farrier for misusing a horse. It was concluded that he had lost his appetite for punishment, had dropped his tail between his legs and run, in other words. His late comrades wasted no thought on him, and his K. O. did not even turn out a patrol or offer a reward for his return, so unimportant was he deemed. Good riddance was the universal verdict, coupled with a prophecy that the ladrones, who in those days swarmed in the wilderness behind Andelaria, would very shortly settle his hash all right.

II—THE VIGIL

OF OLD, young men who had made a mess of life and sowed more wild oats than they well could harvest used to retire into the wilderness for a season of meditation and come back saints and sages, and no one was surprised. But that sort of thing has been out of fashion for ten centuries, and if anyone had predicted to those slangy soldiers in Andelaria that Dorgan, too, was to reappear from his vigil in the Andelaria wilderness changed momentously, they would have laughed and told the prophet to roll over, he was on his back. Yet no greater change was wrought in any eremite of old than was wrought in Dorgan. But with one great difference: he was changed from bad to worse.

Andelaria City stands on a narrow alluvial bench beside the sea, and all that bench, and all the fertile, narrow valley of the river which cuts down to the sea there, is walled by wild volcanic hills. In southern Luzon there are many, many hundreds of untamed square miles, but I doubt if among them all there is any other spot quite so bristling with jungle and dark thickets and ruined peaks and breakneck volcanic gorges as those wild hills about the Andelaria River. So savage are they, so inexpressibly savage and inhuman, that they work insensibly on the soul of a beholder, to depress it or to exalt it wildly, according to its nature.

And Dorgan did not merely look and pass. He dwelt there, and made his home of it. One can easily imagine how it worked on him as through his solitary days he aimlessly threaded the clandestine trails from gorge to gorge, and through the long nights camped among the shattered cliffs—how it woke at last a soul even in him and stirred it to such activity as might have been expected of it.

How he began to think about himself and other men, he who had never compared himself with other men before, and how he must have pondered over the difference between their lot and his. What queer ancestral memories must have stirred in him then we can only guess. There were the freakish ambitions and boundless self-conceit of his besotted father, and, stronger than these, the crude hatreds of his mother's race. How all this must have stirred and crawled and gnawed within him till at last it found an outlet, and a dull revolt at the smug solidity of the established things he had left behind him dawned in his mind. Other men were sheriffs, sergeants, farriers; privileged to brush him from his home country like a fly; to bark

their knuckles on his sallow face; to hold him in any way they chose to their ideas of what was right and proper. Why their ideas more than his?

All that, of course, is guesswork. But we do know that at the northern end of the valley where a clump of Spanish bayonet clings to a shoulder of the trail, he discovered that he could sit securely hidden, and reconnoiter the mimic world spread open at his feet; the long winding stretch of farmsteads, the muddy river, the busy fields and road, and far off to the southward, thirty miles away, the iron roofs of Andelaria church and convent. It was an aerie like an eagle's. He told me about that himself.

And he told me how he began to climb up there often, and gaze down for hours, unblinkingly. He was nursing

his revolt. It was there that the momentous change in him occurred, and he ceased to be an insignificant deserter. For there dawned on him, little by little, the consciousness of a power he possessed to annoy the complacent beings down below who disregarded him, to surprise them, and hurt them, and set their lives topsy-turvy.

He was no longer solitary, unless he chose to be. Formidable allies were his for the taking. Through many centuries the Andelaria hills had sheltered a band of native outlaws who, from cuartels hidden far back in inaccessible pockets in the jungle, had come out to prey on the scanty commerce which moved over the mountain trails, or to kill and burn and plunder among the isolated settlements in the valley itself. Their defiance of the law had gone unpunished, for their blind and secret trails seamed the forest on all sides, and they had spies. When the insurrection came these ladrones, posing as patriots, drew to themselves a restless younger element from the towns and became the nucleus of one of those dissolving columns of the Filipino army, phantomlike in everything but the visible results of their murderous activities.

These were the outlaws who had been expected so speedily to settle Dorgan's hash when he deserted. Instead of that, they had made him welcome at their camps whenever he chose to linger there. Some racial habit had even asserted itself, making these brown skulkers look up to the white one and hint that they would be glad to give him some command among them.

And Dorgan, looked up to for the first time in his life, was flattered, and played with the idea. He felt in himself unguessed-at capabilities. The band was numerous and well-armed. Under the direction of a mind more farsighted and persistent than a Malay's, its depredations might be very formidable. It was a weapon prepared for his hand.

And so he toyed with that idea, while he kept his vigils in his aerie on the high shoulder by the Spanish bayonet. And that unreasoning hatred for his former comrades and the order they stood for grew on him, and with it came an itch of desire to put his new discovered power to the proof on them. Slinking, ratlike thing that he was, with his mop of neutral-colored hair and his beady eyes and weak slit of a mouth, I do not like to think of him as he lurked there. He was a menacing figure to be brooding above an unsuspecting countryside. For down there in the valley men had forgotten his existence.

III—DORGAN'S DANCE

ONE day a private of the signal corps, riding the Andelaria-Gandung telegraph line, was found dead beside the trail, sniped from ambush. No importance was attached to the occurrence. It was laid at the door of the ladrones, and after it the linemen rode in pairs.

Another day, of two men who rode the trail thus, one was shot in the back and the other found his way into Andelaria, hours later, in a hysteria of panic. When he could talk at all, he raved of having been hounded for miles along the trail by a rifle and a voice. The rifle had spoken from the bush with the unmistakable accent of a Krag. When he would have walked or run, it spit bullets with deadly accuracy at his feet. When he would have halted, it had flicked bullets through his clothing and even creased his flesh. And the voice had railed at him and cursed him. Railed at him, in English, for being a white man, cursed him for being helpless and afraid. For he had lost his nerve. For a while he had kept a semblance of steadiness, but the combination of derisive bullets and menacing voice

had been too much for him. He had run, stumbling and panting in his panic, while the bullets whined around him and the voice jeered behind, and so at last had won to town more dead than alive.

It was the madly incredible sort of thing that happens in nightmares, and would have gained no credence but for the bullet marks on his clothing and his skin.

And oftenest of all he raved out a name, and cursed it. "It was Dorgan done it," he would cry. "It was that deserter Dorgan got my goat," and he half wept with shame and anger. And that was the most incredible thing of all to his listeners, that Dorgan could get anybody's goat.

FOR they remembered him as the ratlike, slinking creature whose sallow face any of them had been free to pound for the price of a few bloodcurdling threats. Still, even a rat, or a yellow dog, may be dangerous in a way, if it goes mad, and the chase for him began, merrily enough, man hunting being after all, to a true-born hunter, the best sport there is. Men began to haunt the brush and rocks along the Gandung trail, generally in pairs, waiting for a pot shot. And when they came in of nights and reported no luck, they made bets with each other about the next day's chances.

But this grim humoresque of theirs received a sudden check. The quarry became grimly humorous too, and began hunting them, in a fashion all his own. Before a fortnight was out a dozen of them had learned to dance Dorgan's Dance. For that was the name soon given to the antics of his victims when they walked or ran at his bidding, or stood motionless and helpless to hear him curse them and their fellows with the insulting fluency he was learning to command.

So Dorgan taught them that he was a dangerous being, in search of whom no single man or pair of men could haunt the Gandung trail. Then the pursuit of him began in earnest.

IV—THE RENEGADE

IT WOULD have been interesting to get Dorgan's version of that pursuit, but he would speak very little of it.

The soldiers' side of it was commonplace enough. The regiment was turned out, and for six weeks they hunted Dorgan. And, for all they gained by it, they might have been a regiment of ants hunting an automobile needle through a haystack. The country and the man, with his half-Indian craftiness, were both against them. They drew cordons round hilltops where he was not. They made sudden stealthy descents, in the gray of dawn, on hasty camps, till at last, baffled, they had to fall back on a steady patrolling of the roads and the inglorious waiting game. "Traitor wanted," they might have advertised.

How different all that was from Dorgan's point of view. For I gathered from the little he said, the noisy pursuit of the soldiers had been enjoyable, stirring him to something resembling gayety. As the great cats of the jungle must sometimes, in unhungry moments, prowl along beside unwitting travelers, undecided whether to strike or not, and find a maddening excitement in the decision, so Dorgan had played with the avengers of blood, paralleling their course for hours at a time or lying aloft there by the Spanish bayonet, within their sight and so too obvious a target, while he fondled the magazine cut-off of his Krag. A few turns of his wrist and half a dozen of them would have paid the penalty of clumsiness. And he had laughed silently and let them go, to hunt amusingly another day.

How it must have flattered him to lie above the valley and think that the remembrance of him was constant in every mind down there, and his name ready to every tongue. White-clad farmers, timorously planting in the fields, apprehensive drivers of whining bull carts on the road along the river, even the soldiers, bulky in khaki and flannel, making laborious dashes on scents he himself had laid, all were accommodating themselves to what they thought might be his plans. It was a vast change for the insignificant deserter.

BUT in the end the possession of such passive power failed to satisfy his vanity, or whatever the emotion may be called that drove him on. At least that is my explanation of his next act, the act which lifted him to such a pinnacle of evil eminence; vanity, rather than any sudden accession of anger or cruelty. And it was the explanation of the doctors. One must never forget, they said, that Dorgan was distinctly of the hysterical type.

The thing happened at the end of April, just when the rains had ceased, and one Private Whelton, jolting in an escort wagon to Andelaria City, brought first news of it.

They hurried Whelton to the hospital and dragged a

major doctor from his bunk before reveille to hear his story.

"They—got us a—bout mid—night, sir," said Whelton. "Last—night. In Six-Mile—Gorge. It was a—plant. They was hid among the rocks. There was me—and—Humpy Evans, on th' point. They got—Humpy first." It was plain that they'd got Private Whelton too. He spoke out of a crimson welter of bandages. Something had made hash of his face, and done things to his chest as well, so that his words came gaspingly. But he had one good eye left. It looked up out of the bandages very steady, while he told his story to the major doctor. No one had succeeded in getting Private Whelton's goat. "There was—fifteen of—th' troop behind us. They got—them. I couldn't—count th'—gugus. It was dark as—paint. They had—bolos. And there was—Him."

His voice grew stronger on the pronoun. The doctor sat forward in his chair. The hospital steward and the two corps privates edged up to the cot. "Him?" the major doctor echoed. "Was Dorgan there?"

"Same—one," said Whelton. "He—stood up on th' bank and—cussed us while—they boloed—us. It was pitch—black."

For a moment there was silence in the ward. The major doctor broke it. "Well," he mused aloud, "I spotted the man for the hysterical type, his first vaci-

were threatened by their nurses, an outlaw no man cared to meet even with finger ready to trigger.

Ordinarily those few weeks of April, in the Andelaria valley, are an enchanted season. So compelling a breath of springtime is in the air that the very least of poets, resting in some outlook, say, like Dorgan's aerie by the Spanish bayonet, might weep, in the ready fashion lesser poets have, at the fresh and perfect beauty of it all, the blending of color into living color, the flood of vivifying sunlight over jungle and field and stream, the tang of clean earth smells, and the searching warmth, in the vagrant breezes. For that brief season the humdrum valley might be a forgotten corner of lost Paradise and the dwellers there just happy children, playing at labor in their fields and on the trail that winds beside the river and up over the high shoulder by the Spanish bayonet.

But all the joyousness faded from that memorable springtime. There was no singing of love songs in the barrios along the river through those April nights. Flimsy shutters were drawn tight and lashed close with bajuco when the sun went down, and all was silent in the little houses and no lights shone out to be reflected from the swollen river. Around Andelaria City a circle of sentries stopped every traveler by night, and through the forest and the jungle men in khaki threaded their way in companies, slunk in little scouting groups of

two and three, no longer grimly humorous or derisive, but silent and intent and conscious of their peril. For the edict had gone out that Dorgan was to be hunted down if it took a whole brigade a year to corner him.

V—OLD MAN ARGERSON

OF THAT second pursuit Dorgan had much more to say than of the first.

In the beginning it had been much the same sort of deadly game of hide-and-seek, in which he held all the odds. And then suddenly some one, or something, of quite another caliber than the clumsy troopers, had joined in the chase. Something of an indefiniteness which almost stirred his latent superstition at times as it marched beside him when he marched, or watched behind him when he rested, just as he dogged his own pursuers.

It must have been his instinct, rather than his senses, which first warned him of it. And then the problem had taken a more definite form.

One morning, rising earlier than his followers, he had found, scratched in the warm ashes of the last night's fire, and half obliterated by the wind swirls of the dawn, what he recognized as the lines of a rude swastika. Just such a luck sign as the women of his mother's tribe have a way of scratching with stubby forefinger in green pottery—or as old George Hennessey had burned inside the lid of his locker. Dorgan suddenly remembered. Hennessey was one of the troopers who had died in Six-Mile Gorge.

Dorgan stood staring down at the sign. It was very faint; only his all-seeing Indian eyes would have noticed it at all. But it was there, and its mere presence was a warning of an impending danger so elusive that all his ring of watchers could not shut it out. Some one must have been there to draw the thing. Who?

In all times of special stress that aerie by the Spanish bayonet seems to have drawn him like a magnet. He climbed up there then, not to sit and laugh silently as he had done before, but to watch with every sense alert, even while that unimaginative mind of his asked ceaselessly what he watched for.

Up to that moment, so far as I could make out, he had never felt contrition or alarm. But now uncertainty made him—nervous, shall I say?

AS HE crouched inside his prickly stronghold, unseen by any eyes save those of a pair of soaring crows, the Tom Prys of the wilderness, enlightenment came to him suddenly, in a flash of memory. A mist floated before his eyes, veiling all the sun-flooded valley. It broke, and from its swirling wreaths emerged another scene, solid and real: lead-colored hills and sagebrush ghostly in the dawn, and bitter water trickling through a crust of alkali.

A drawing voice sounded in his ears: "You've got a yaller streak. . . . But if you make any plays anywhere else, I'll have you, if I have to come and cut you out o' hell—"

He shrank down, utterly cowed. Old Man Argerson had kept his word and come. Old Man Argerson, devotee of the law, understudy to Nemesis for rash experimenters who miscalculated the reach of the arm of justice; Argerson, who had flung the fear of God into him, that long-ago day at Kettle Springs. How he had come Dorgan did not ask himself. The mere fact of his coming struck him, momentarily, with panic.

Then the old hatred flared out again. The memory that Argerson had read his shameful secret aloud and truly still stung and burned. Dorgan had had a

(Continued on page 25)



"Was Dorgan there?" "Same—one," said Whelton.
"He—stood up on th' bank and—cussed us while—they boloed—us"

nation. But he's a pleasant thing to have loose round the woods—"

A movement from the iron-framed hospital cot stopped him. "Highsterial!" cried Private Whelton. "Does what he done to—us—look like—he was some spring pul—let? He's plain—snake. I told him so. After they—got me down—I says to him—"

When the doctor was gone the steward stepped forward and stood looking down at the thing on the cot. And Whelton looked steadily back at him. "Sergeant," he asked, "how long d'yu—reckon—it'll take me t—croak?"

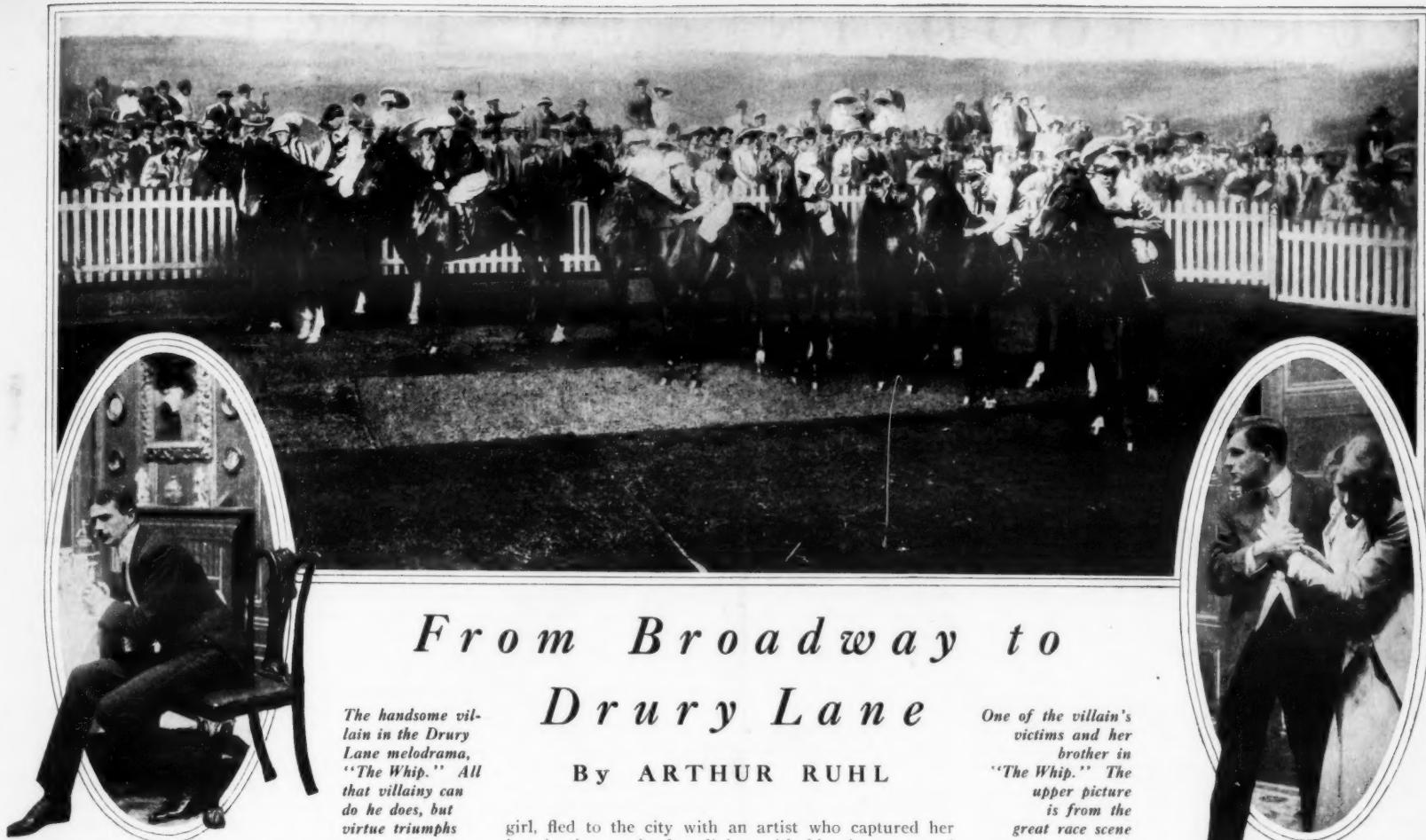
"Don't worry none about that, son," said the sergeant. "We'll go after him."

"Bueno," sighed Private Whelton. "When yuh—get him—just tell th' boys—t' give him one good—one—fr'm us. Will yuh?"

"Don't worry none about that," said the sergeant.

"Ueno," Private Whelton sighed again contentedly. "I on'y hope yuh—get him—alive."

So in one night Dorgan repudiated his insignificance forever and climbed to the highest pinnacle of evil eminence known to his world. From that moment his position was secure. He had turned on society. Henceforth he was The Renegade, a creature of fabulous wickedness with whom unruly children in the valley



From Broadway to Drury Lane

By ARTHUR RUHL

The handsome villain in the Drury Lane melodrama, "The Whip." All that villainy can do he does, but virtue triumphs

A "BENEFIT," like that given at the Century Theatre a few afternoons ago, to help raise money for the women's memorial monument to the men who went down with the *Titanic*, is a curiously impressive thing. From one-thirty o'clock until well after six there drifted before the indolent fancy of that brilliant audience—in itself, in the most luxurious of New York's theatres, a dramatic enough contrast to the tragedy behind the matinée—a sort of cross-section of the entire modern theatre.

There were ragtime negroes from the music halls, and the chorus and principals from two Broadway musical comedies—the poor girls trying hard to smile just the same, though the front row held no familiar faces and the songs sounded a little cold and joyless in the unfamiliar air. Mr. Faversham and Miss Cissie Loftus played the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," Mme. Simone gave something of Rostand's in French, Mr. John Mason recited Kipling, and Mr. Francis Wilson gave a little talk. After the external nerves had been joggled a bit by the rather obvious American farce of "Mrs. Jack," with Miss Alice Fischer, Mr. Frank Gilmore, Mr. Walter Hale, and others in the cast, one jumped into the heavily brilliant Chinese atmosphere of "The Daughter of Heaven," with Miss Viola Allen as the Empress, and then was suddenly brought up standing, so to speak, by the acrid humor and imaginative power of that superb first act from "The Master Builder" with Miss Nazimova as Hilda. There was a trio from the Philharmonic; an allegory, "The Flowers and the Sea"—in which Miss Edith Wynne Matthison represented The Spirit of Woman, and Miss Ruth St. Denis, as The Moon, rose out of the waves, a bluish opalescence, her arms rippling from shoulder to finger tips, as if she were, indeed, the very spirit of moonlight and flowing water.

The quality of the gift these generous players make at such a time only adds to its impressiveness. Any one can pull a long face and talk of the hereafter. They give of themselves, of the warm, light-hearted, fleeting present. The more careless their offering—set as it is against that dark background—the more do they suggest the common pathos of humanity—the abyss so close to the bright surfaces of every day. It is as if they were children playing over a volcano. People laugh when George Cohan and Willie Collier "jolly" each other about the day's work. "I'm on the water wagon," says Cohan. "How do you feel?" asks Collier. "Oh, I feel much better off." "Do you drink anything?" asks Cohan. "Yes," says Collier thoughtfully, "anything," and people roar—and are perhaps nearer than most sermons bring them to tears.

MRS. FISKE IN "THE HIGH ROAD"

IT WOULD be easy to pick flaws with Mr. Edward Sheldon's new play, "The High Road"—if such a loose assembling of episodes can be called a play—but the general effect of it, as presented by Mrs. Fiske and her company, is so vigorous and fresh that quarreling with the medium seems rather ungracious and unnecessary.

Mr. Sheldon shows us milestones in the life of a woman who, starting as a simple but fanciful country

girl, fled to the city with an artist who captured her imagination, and after living with him in a sort of moral trance for three years, lulled by the beauty with which he surrounded her, suddenly awoke to a sense of responsibility. She left him, joined shirt-waist makers, then on strike, and became a leader of working women. Eighteen years later, a woman of force and accomplishment, she appears before the Governor to urge the passage of a bill to improve the conditions of women in factories. The two—the Governor was a young lawyer of the neighborhood when she was a girl on the farm—feel that they belong together and are married. Two years later, when the Governor is a candidate for President, a crooked corporation magnate, a friend of the artist with whom she ran away a generation before, recognizes her and threatens, on the eve of election, to publish the story. She defies him and warns him that if he does she, too, will tell the story and what she has made of her life, and let the people judge between them. This silences him, and the play ends on a note of triumph—out of everything that has befallen her she has taken only the good and built with it—a woman, too, may be master of her fate and captain of her soul.

A WOMAN WHO CONQUERED HER PAST

THE interest and importance of "The High Road" is contained in this idea and not in the slips and inconsistencies of Mr. Sheldon's hasty and rather slapdash work.

The vitality, force, and general grip which Mrs. Fiske gives the whole fabric will readily be understood. No one feels called upon to remind the audience that it is "the woman who pays," nor does the principal character, even in her most trying moments, raise her voice much above the tone of ordinary talk. By the mere nervous twitch of a shoulder Mrs. Fiske can suggest more force—with difficulty held down and likely at any moment to explode—than most of our actresses succeed in doing while shrieking like delirious fishwives. The artist, too, Mr. Sheldon has had the grace to make a plausible rather than a tritely villainous figure. He is sincere according to his own lights, and genuinely and finely charmed by the simple country girl, as he might be by any of the other beautiful things he had "collected." Mr. Frederick Perry as the Governor and Mr. Arthur Byron as the blackmailing capitalist are at their best, and the whole representation is thoroughly well worked out.

WEBER AND FIELDS

THERE was a good deal of almost sentimental enthusiasm over the reappearance last year of the "old" Weber and Fields. It was a classic revival, and when Fields, protesting "I lof you! Oh, how I lof you!" began jabbing his affectionate forefinger into little

One of the villain's victims and her brother in "The Whip." The upper picture is from the great race scene

Weber's blinking eyes, people felt that the old days had indeed returned. Here was that man always getting the worst of it, yet trusting on, so nearly genuine, that—as Mr. John Corbin, or some one of our more learned critics, once pointed out—did not people nearly fall off their seats laughing, they must needs weep instead.

Of this old quality, their new show, "Roly Poly," is as innocent as a stone crusher in active operation. It is Broadway "musical comedy" of the most arid and machine-made sort, unworthy of their audience and themselves.

AN OBJECT LESSON FOR AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHTS

THE genuine spirit of burlesque which might have been expected in the Weber and Fields' show appeared unexpectedly at the performance, the same week, of Mr. Abraham Goldknopf's play, "Tainted Philanthropy; or, the Spirit of the Time." This was funny because it was played in perfect seriousness, as the best sort of burlesque is always played, and the fun came, not from visual grotesqueness, but from language, stage directions, and general point of view, which the unhappy author meant to be taken seriously.

Mr. Goldknopf had brought suit against Mr. Belasco and Mr. William C. De Mille for part of the royalties of Mr. De Mille's successful play, "The Woman," on the ground that the idea was taken from his. The case went to trial, and in the middle of it Mr. Belasco's press agent, or some one equally gifted, proposed that a special performance be given so that the judge might see for himself. No sooner said than done, and thus, after a performance of "The Woman," beginning at 11 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Goldknopf's effort unexpectedly saw the light of day at 2.30 o'clock that afternoon, before such a gathering of playwrights, actors, critics, and Broadway hangers-on as even the most interesting first night rarely draws out.

The piece was played with apparent sincerity—"Of course," remarked a playwright sitting near me, "this is the time they haven't got it on him," whatever he may have meant by *that*!—and with what the widely amused audience assumed to be the author's own bad grammar, complete ignorance of construction, and almost pathetic psychology. It was what is called a "scream" beyond doubt, and yet when one recalled that the author, unless a mere hold-up man, actually believed in the thing, as so many other deluded novices have believed in their work, it was rather tragic, too.

So far as one could see, there was no resemblance whatever between the two plays except that men and women were in each of them. The performance ought to have been seen by a few hundred thousand of our amateur playwrights, for a more vivid example of the difference between the average novice's "script" and the vibrant organism that a play is beaten into before it becomes a success it would be difficult to imagine.

To anyone acquainted with the ups and downs—and how many downs!—of a New York season, the audiences which nightly view "The Whip" are mysterious, even astounding, things. There are plays in New York

PURE FOOD IN NEW ENGLAND



"**Y**ES, madam," said the demonstrator, "every article we sell is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Law."

"Then I am to infer that all of your products are pure and perfectly fitted for consumption?"

"No," the demonstrator replied, "you must infer no such thing from this guarantee, but we have another guarantee, or creed we call it, which hand-in-hand with the first will give you ample protection."

Here was a new type of pure-food saleswoman, and the outlook for further questioning looked promising. When asked about this "creed," she said that her house permitted no removal of nutritious or valuable constituents or ingredients whereby the quality of the products might be lowered.

No "filler" or weight producer was employed nor mixed with the foods so as to reduce the quality and expand the bulk of a small quantity of good material.

Her firm would not allow the use of coal-tar dye in any form or under any name, nor any artificial coloring whereby the products might be made to appear of greater value than they were.

No chemical drugs were permitted, for her firm believed in giving the consumer the benefit of the doubt where any existed.

No paneled bottles nor short-weight packages nor any other form of deception was tolerated.

All of this sounded like the millennium, but there were plenty of facts to prove these broad statements. One somehow received the impression that this house was built on a broad and firm foundation, and that it is one of that rapidly increasing number of manufacturers who are doing much to make it unpopular to adulterate our foods, irrespective of any law.

In contrast to the stand taken by the firm in question, note the attitude of another concern toward purity of products as evidenced by a letter from its chemist. The products, soft drinks, had been analyzed and some of them had failed to pass close scrutiny.

THE CHEMIST WRITES:

AS REGARDS what you choose to call coal-tar dye, we would say that the label declares the presence of artificial color, and, did space permit, we might also add that the color used is an aniline color, officially certified by the United States Government, permissible under the Pure Food Law, and as absolutely harmless as the yellow color of an orange or lemon and much more permanent.

Another firm writes:

We do use benzoate of soda and coal-tar dye in several of our preparations, and in so doing we are entirely within the Pure Food Law. As soon as it compels us to stop we shall discontinue the use of both these substances.

One is constrained to inquire: Why not be ready and not have to get ready? That is exactly the position that some thirty-odd firms have taken at the Manchester Pure Food Exposition. Their products are of an advanced type. This same remark holds true of food distributors exhibiting at the Lowell Exposition. When we have a Federal law to afford more protection to the consumer, these firms will not have to houseclean. Throughout the United States there are many food packers whose products are free from all forms of legalized adulteration. There is also a constantly decreasing number of other concerns who still employ the score or more colors, fillers, and drugs permitted by the Government. It is difficult to convince some of these latter

An Account of the Successful Efforts of the Women of Manchester and Lowell

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

that they are stumblingblocks in the pure-food movement. To see the six hundred organized women of Manchester, and an even larger number at Lowell, fighting legalized impurity is something of an inspiration. These women are securing results, for they know what to do and have a definite plan of action.

"We interviewed all of the leading grocers of the city," said the president of the Manchester Federation, "and found them in sympathy with us, everyone saying that he would much rather sell pure than impure and adulterated products, but that there was a good market for the latter. All that remained for us then was to create a demand for the pure articles."

How they went about this is a matter of general interest. The State Board of Health of New Hampshire was approached and readily promised its assistance, provided no "food fakers" were allowed in the exposition. The promise was made, and the board forthwith sent an instructive display of adulterated and misbranded foods found in its jurisdiction. A prominent booth was assigned to this collection, some features of which will be commented upon later.

To make food facts more impressive the federation secured the services of an experienced food chemist and fitted out a laboratory for him wherein he might make actual tests upon food products for the public benefit. The results, prominently displayed upon a large blackboard, threw much light upon the local situation. The hundreds that daily crowded the chemical laboratory evidenced the interest that the public takes in food investigation.

In no other city, so far as can be learned, has the press given so much space and entered so enthusiastically into the campaign as at Manchester. "Get Into Line and Boost the Fair" was the slogan. One of the local papers devoted four pages to the exploitation of the fair and gave a kindly word for each of the exhibitors. The press was proud of the movement and gave a whole-souled cooperation. This in itself is a movement, since in some instances editorial departments have been effectively muzzled through the fear of advertisers.

WHERE THE POOR MAN SUFFERS

IN ORDER to further prepare the public for the food exposition, the club women caused to be published and otherwise displayed a complete list of books in the public library pertaining to the subject of foods and nutrition. Thus the success of the project was largely due to the energy of these women in preparing the public for the fair by showing them the need, the remedy, and by securing real support.

The need of the fair lay in the fact that in the city of Manchester, a condition common enough in all cities, was a quantity of food products on sale in the open market which by no strain of the term could be classed as pure—benzoated and otherwise drugged catchups, jams and fruit products, Hamburg steak embalmed with sulphite of soda, alum baking powders, "extractless" extracts, confectionery vivid with coal-tar colors and glistening with varnish, near sausage, bakers' goods concealing their unholy chemical adulterants, perhaps more vicious than the other products, inasmuch as there existed no label to warn the purchaser of their debased nature. All these things and others still unmentioned tend to make the food supply of any city a menace. "We sell this class of stuff to the poor trade," said one dealer. Just what he meant by "poor trade" is problematical. But if he meant that he sold it to the poor man, to the honest fellow who has to make his last cent count, in Heaven's name what should in justice be done to such a dealer? Is not the poor man entitled to every bit as good food as his wealthier neighbor? Is it the dollar that determines that one man shall have nourishing, honest food and that another shall be deprived of it?

No wonder that the women of Manchester and Lowell cried out at such an evil. Local, State, and Federal inspectors and chemists are helpless. There is no redress in the law, for these things are a part of the great legalized traffic in jugged foods. "The label tells," said the dealer. "Let them read the label." That is the very thing the exposition tried to impress upon the patrons—to read and to let alone, if there appeared any semblance of chemical antiseptic, artificial flavor or color.

SOME THINGS TO REMEMBER

THREE was need enough for a pure-food fair in Manchester, but, in all fairness, it must be said that food conditions in the Granite State are better than in any other State in New England, and this in great measure is due to the activity and supervision of a remarkably efficient State Board of Health. The "Sanitary Bulletin," published quarterly by this department, is a classic in food literature.

Says chief chemist Charles D. Howard: "There are many things we cannot do. These must be done by intelligent public sentiment."

The booth of the State Laboratory of Hygiene was one of the centers of interest. Some of the signs therein displayed were of great educational value. Among others, one might note the following:

There are no formulas on the labels of standard goods: the manufacturers prefer to conceal imitations and substitutes under a formula which they know they cannot understand, in order that they may charge more than the goods are worth.

Beware of the words "Compound and Blend." The packer of genuine goods does not use them, and you may not be getting what you think you are.

Remember that if your bottler will not cut out soap bark and other objectionable drugs, you can get pure soda at most fountains.

A catchup or preserve containing benzoate of soda may have been made from sound materials and in a cleanly way, but if it doesn't contain an antiseptic it must have been.

Malt extract is but a name to catch those who would not drink beer.

QUALITY IS THE POINT

THE State placed an intelligent inspector in charge of the display for the sole purpose of preaching the gospel of pure foods to the public, not in a manner born of hysterical enthusiasm, but rather from an insight gained by extensive experience.

"If we handle nothing but this high class of food," said a dealer, "what would become of our low-class trade? Herein is another fallacy which is receiving considerable attention at the recent expositions. Pure food is honest food and not necessarily expensive food. It was demonstrated again and again that such food was the only kind that the poor man could afford to purchase. Of course, if one has developed an appetite for truffles, mushrooms, and extra sifted peas, he must pay more than the man who is willing to dine on the more nutritious pork and beans, corn and lentils. It is not required any extended mathematics to prove that a two-ounce bottle of pure, standard lemon extract is cheaper than a short, four-ounce bottle of lemonless lemon extract flavored with hair oil.

Pure, standard cocoa at twenty-five cents per half pound is cheaper than compound cocoa selling for sixteen cents per pound, to which has been added fifty per cent of sugar and starch.

The matter of taste is largely an individual matter, and it often dictates whether one shall pay forty cents or half that price for his coffee, one dollar or a third of that for his tea. There is no attempt on the part of the expositions to discourage or to stop the sale of low-priced food products of good quality, but rather to keep these same products free from all taint of chemical drug, filler, mineral dye, glaze, or coat whereby they may appear better than they actually are.

The remedy for these evils was seen in the exhibits of the thirty-odd firms to whom principle means as much as profits, and by keeping the former they secure the latter.

TO AMEND THE LAWS

THE Manchester women know that they must continually keep the vital points of the campaign fresh in the minds of the people. With the help of the dealer and packer they are assured of abundant success. All honor, then, to this latter-day "six hundred" who fight in the open for the betterment of their homes.

The attractive setting of the Lowell Pure Food Exposition in the immaculate State armory accentuated the purity of the products displayed there.

The great floor of the drill shed, crowded by throngs of interested people, showed that there was no lack of interest in, nor want of appreciation of, foods of quality in the Bay State.

To its credit it must be remembered that Massachusetts had an effective food law eighteen years before the passage of the Federal law in 1906, and that this code formed the basis of many subsequent ones.

The Lowell women believed in aiming high, and their first lecturer, Dr. Mark W. Richardson, secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, gave concrete illustrations of the efficient work in reducing the sale of adulterated foods.

One of the defects in the Massachusetts food laws lies in the absence of some standard for flavoring extracts which shall apply to the articles sold by the grocer.

A curious situation results. A State inspector may purchase lemon extract at a drug store. If official

THE BLACK-MANED LION OF SEATTLE

By

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

A GOOD many things have happened to Seattie. One of them is the Rev. Mark Allison Matthews, variously denominated "The Tall Sycamore of the Sierras," "The Lion of the West," "The Scourge of Sin in Seattle," and, just now, properly and titularly as Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

The man is unescapably conspicuous. Nature made him that way. Neither, it must be admitted, does he appear to have done anything to thwart Nature in her purpose. He makes a striking figure. He does striking things. He has striking ideas, and he expresses them strikingly. The newspaper spot light flickers after him as he travels over the country. It plays on the pulpit where he preaches, and when he gets home to Seattle, telegraph editors heave a sigh of relief, but eye him suspiciously from afar, never knowing at what moment he may break into the news.

In Pioneer Square in the center of Seattle stands a totem pole, transplanted from that land of the midnight sun which annually pours considerate golden streams into the channels of trade in that Northwestern metropolis. The totem pole is tall as becomes its kind; also, it is grotesquely carved and hideously colored. Now this lion of Seattle is a sort of human totem pole; less tall, mercifully, than the totem pole in the square, and, but not mercifully, something less fat; but, compensatingly, he is better carved, yes, much better. Moreover, he wears a mane, which totem poles do not. This mane is of raven blackness, and far down behind his right ear is tonsured to a marcel wave which swings well out to starboard and looks, as the Son of Anak bears down upon you, like a shadowy, low-flying sail or the rudder of an aeroplane.

But the face of the giant—the man is in very truth six feet and five inches tall when entirely straightened out—is good to look upon. It gathers sunshine like the mirror of a heliograph. The eyes are blue and the lips are red and like a kissable woman's; but the rest of the face is gleaming ivory white. The brow is high and white; the nose is long and white; the chin is sharp and white. Forgetting the simile of the totem pole, and to one who happens to have seen that pole I confess it is crude, very, very crude; but, abandoning that simile, the man is a sort of human, peripatetic lighthouse, and the face of him beams like a beacon. Cordial good humor is the sheen of his features. You look at the tall eccentric and instantly approve of him. Likable, companionable, faithful, and a string of kindred kindly adjectives leap into mind at sight of him.

HE TROUBLES THE SATISFIED

YET, truth to tell, the man is a born trouble maker, a congenital disturber of the peace. He troubles his town, he troubles his church; he troubles himself. He never can let well enough alone. He is the best hated, most feared, man in Seattle. But also he is the best loved; and the number of them that hate him have reasons therefor which are entirely complimentary to this man, who is pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in the world and, in this year of our Lord 1912, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, which amounts to being for one year the President of the main body of Presbyterianism in America. In this latter capacity Dr. Matthews is just now going about the country and saying things to staid, self-satisfied Presbyterians which make those good folks gasp. For their Moderator is a very old-fashioned sort of preacher for these piping times of incredulity. Dr. Matthews believes, for instance, that the whale swallowed Jonah, and he is ready to swallow the man that doesn't believe it. He believes in progress, of course, when the progress is in the right direction; but when he thinks it isn't, he utters his warnings in loud and sometimes picturesque language. He recently voiced his distaste for a certain national periodical which is noted for heterodoxy on many subjects by saying: "If you continue to read it, you will have theological meningitis, sociological neuritis, and political gastritis."

Dr. Matthews is even so old-fashioned that he believes in the Holy Ghost, and talks about Him as though that third person in the Trinity were a friend with whom he was in constant communication. He referred



to the Holy Ghost so many times in his speech that I said: "Doctor, will you please make that clear for secular readers. Just what do you mean by the leadership of the Holy Ghost?"

"Well, this," replied the big, amiable, crackling personality—"this will illustrate it. Fifteen years ago, while I was pastor at Jackson, Tenn., I went down to New Orleans for a ten days' visit and rest. After two days the members of the leading

Presbyterian church came to me and asked me to preach for them on Sunday.

"It was a great honor and privilege for a young man like myself. But I said: 'No; I am going home.' 'Going home?' they inquired in amazement. 'Why, we thought you had come to stay a week or two.' 'So I had,' was my reply, 'and I don't know why I am going home, but I am.' And I did. When I got home the first thing I heard was that a prize fight was to be held in the opera house on Wednesday night. 'Aha!' I said; 'that's why I came home.' I went to the sheriff of the county and told him what I had heard. 'You must be mistaken,' he urged. 'I am not mistaken,' I replied, 'and you have got tickets for it in your pocket right now.' The man flushed up, and I added: 'You go to these fellows and tell them they can't fight in Jackson. If they attempt it I will be at the ring side with a firm of lawyers, and I will call off the names of principals and spectators. We will issue warrants right there, and you as sheriff cannot refuse to serve them!' Well, there was no prize fight in Jackson that Wednesday night, and it was the Holy Ghost that brought me back from New Orleans. I never do anything except by His leadership. If He don't lead, I don't go."

UP AND DOWN THE LAND

AND certainly the Rev. Mark Allison Matthews is led into some queer places in the course of a year. In the summer of 1910 he was led to go slumming through the great cities of America. In New York alone, for two weeks, his tall form doubled in and out of saloons, tough cafés, and Tenderloin dives; but always in the company of a friend and a police escort.

"Pipe the poet!" exclaimed one of the girls in a Sixth Avenue beer hall as the tall man with the innocent face and the long wraithlike wisp of hair at the back drifted through. And what the Seattle preacher did in New York, he did also in Pittsburgh, Chicago, and San Francisco. Then he went home and told the people of Seattle through the newspapers:

"I am prepared to prove that Seattle is the most delightful, healthful, and desirable city in which to live and rear a family in the United States."

After having made which amiable remark, the Rev. Mark Allison Matthews took stock of his bank account. It was in its usual hopeless condition. He therefore turned to his life insurance policies and borrowed upon them all he could possibly obtain. Next,

This is the third article of Mr. Macfarlane's series "Man-to-Man Preachers," the purpose of which is to complement the successful series on "Preachers in America" with vivid sketches of a number of extremely interesting men who both preach to their fellows and reach out for them. The subjects of ensuing articles will be:

The Rev. George W. Truett
of Dallas, Texas, who once a year rounds up the cowboys on the ranges

The Rev. Francis L. Higgins
Missionary to the Lumberjacks of the Minnesota Northern Woods

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman
the man who revived Revivalism in America

he sent for William J. Burns, the detective, and said: "I know what conditions in Seattle are; but I want you to find out independently of my knowledge and get evidence to back your findings; and not merely evidence that will convince me or convince the public, but evidence that will go in the grand jury room."

"And who is behind us?" queried the canny Burns, for such investigations cost money.

"I will be responsible," said Matthews. "There are no contingencies. Go ahead."

Burns immediately began to burrow, and we can safely leave him burrowing while we go back and gather up the scattered threads in the life of this eccentric pulpit genius and bring them down to the moment when the detective turned in his report and those incidents began to happen which are most notable and typical in the career of Mark Allison Matthews as a man of affairs in the Northwestern city.

THE STORY OF A TALL YOUTH

THE place of his birth was Calhoun County, Ga., and the time was shortly after the close of the Civil War. Matthews was born with a passion for work. Energy and his scissorslike figure were twinned. When he was converted, he carried this passion to do over into his religious life. He immediately became *ex-officio* assistant to everybody in the church who was doing anything at which he could help. He opened the doors, he rang the bell, he passed the hymn books, he put the dogs out. When young Mark grew taller, he chose the ministry as his calling; his horizon widened and his views of service enlarged. In Jackson, Tenn., he dedicated himself and his church to the service of the whole community. He saw that the community needed a hospital. He raised the money to build one, and then gave it to the town.

The number of boys and girls whom child labor forced out of the schools at an immature age distressed the young enthusiast who was trying to follow closely in the footsteps of the Galilean. He would have stopped child labor, but that lay beyond his power. What then was the most practical and sanely helpful thing for these prospective illiterates? Nothing else than a night school. So the Rev. Mr. Matthews founded such a school; and for a time he taught in it himself. That, by the way, is one of the secrets of his leadership. He is willing to go to the front of the battle himself, and for this reason helpers follow more readily.

This school was accepted by the child workers as a heaven-sent boon, which it was. When Dr. Matthews went away the town took over the school.

The removal of the Doctor to the Northwest was a pure piece of Seattle enterprise. The minister confesses that in 1901 he did not even know that Seattle was on the map. But Seattle had somehow discovered that Mark Matthews was on the map. It despaired him from afar and beckoned, but the beck was not emphatic enough to exert mesmeric power over so great a distance. Whereupon the Washington city beckoned again and kept on beckoning with becks that would not be denied, for Seattle is not accustomed to being defeated in her designs. She wants what she wants when she wants. And she greatly wanted Mark Allison Matthews, although some of her townsmen now feel that this was an unintelligent impulse.

Finally the genial Doctor, who is nothing if not accommodating, said to the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle: "I will come and look you over for two Sundays." He came and saw and fell—in love with the church and the town, while the church and the town proceeded straightway to fall in love with him. The church had a goodly auditorium and a gallery, and a debt.

The gallery had been closed a long time from lack of people to sit in it. And the debt? Well, it was just like many another church debt, perfectly good, you know, with the interest paid promptly, but still a kind of irritating burden on the congregation.

The oratory of Dr. Matthews is rather difficult to characterize. His high forehead gleams as if a halo were upon it. He hurls language about him with a most prodigal tongue, as if he had the whole dictionary at his command. He puts his words together in odd

and lurid combinations. He doesn't care whether the phrase is grotesque or homely, or whether it titillates the ear like music. All he demands is that it shall embody his thought so compactly that he can hurl it with a cannon's velocity and a rifle's precision. His preaching is distinctly sensational. Indeed, if Mark Allison Matthews has preached a sermon in late years that was not sensational, you can set it down that he was either sick or nervous that morning. But he uses his sensation to multiply the power with which he proclaims his truth. It is never done merely for the sake of attracting attention to himself.

And those empire builders of the Northwest recognized the quality of the man quickly and approved of it. The preacher was courageous. He was no respecter of persons. His sermons were like the long curling crack of the plainsman's whip. He could fight without getting angry, and all his campaigns for a better city were waged without malice. Each year the man revealed new abundance of personal resources. He was never beaten, never nonplussed, never at his wits' end. When those whom he attacked came back with heavy charges, he smiled and let them have the second barrel, with intimations that a third gun was loading.

EFFICIENCY ON THE HIGH GEAR

TO HIS preaching he added remarkable executive ability. The high-gear efficiency with which he worked, his capacity for friendships and his infectious enthusiasms won the people which his preaching drew. The congregation itself was amazed at the results. Men and women prominent in the town, who had never been near the church before, came once to see and again to hear, and soon the winning minister had their names on the end of a pew. In the first year five hundred members were received on profession of faith. In the first eighteen months the debt of twenty-five thousand dollars was paid off. Next a new church was built at a cost of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to hold the crowds that came to hear the Georgia preacher. The whole impetus and scope of the work was repeatedly multiplied. In ten years Dr. Matthews has received into the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle over seven thousand members. The present membership is over five thousand. It is the largest Presbyterian church in the world. And this church is organized up to the steeple and down to the furnace.

These five thousand members are not a mass; they are an army. They are divided into legions, cohorts, and centurions' bands; and they are encamped throughout the whole city. In the banks and great mercantile houses; in the commercial associations and in the clubs; in the homes of the cottage dwellers and in those great houses that Seattle gold is building on her wonderful avenues that begin on the Sound waters and lose themselves on the banks of mountain lakes, the members of this, perhaps, greatest Protestant church in Christendom are to be found.

The leader of this host is an indefatigable worker. It is his boast that he works ten and one-half days every week, by which he means eight-hour days. He has four assistant ministers, one of whom is a Japanese and looks after the work among the Orientals. He has two stenographers. He has four women Sunday-school visitors. He is a man of methods. The hours revolve for him unerringly, bringing their swift succession of duties and appointments. The very days of the week are sifted, sorted, and labeled.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

MONDAY is nonmembers' day, taken up largely with listening to family troubles and the other thousand and one things concerning which people otherwise unfriended in a great city wish to consult an unselfish minister. The pastor makes all welcome. As he puts it: "On Monday I will grind any man's ax for him." Tuesday is devoted to personal spiritual matters of nonmembers. Wednesday is devoted to the hearing of church people on spiritual matters, a sort of Protestant confessional. Thursday is church people's day. They can come about anything. Friday and Saturday are devoted exclusively to church matters. Somewhere in between are crammed funerals, weddings, sick calls, and the other innumerable duties that devolve upon a popular preacher in a large city. Dr. Matthews is concerned with all sorts of charities and philanthropies. He is interested in the convicts in the penitentiary. Men from this institution are continually being paroled upon his sponsorship; and he looks after and keeps in touch with them as faithfully as a father. A youth comes to him to confess a defalcation. He is momentarily expecting arrest. The minister, out of his own slender bank account, gives the boy a check for the amount of his shortage upon condition that he will make a clean breast to his employers and start over again. Thereafter the preacher may forget what became of his bank balance, but he will not forget to see the youth's employers and enlist their cooperation in building him back to a life of integrity.

This is the way of this tall totem pole of a man. He goes about doing good, and doing it unobtrusively when unobtrusion is the best way. Sometimes publicity and the calcium glare is needed, and he well knows how to get the spot light beam upon himself when he is about to kill germs and wants a scorching ray.

CHALLENGED BUT NOT BLUFFED

AND it was a scorching ray that he turned on Wappenstein, the Seattle Chief of Police, that September day in 1910, when he put Burns on the trail of the Gill administration. As a result of that little searchlight campaign, Gill was ousted from the mayoralty. Wappenstein languishes in the penitentiary, and several ballot-box stuffers received prison sentences. Nor was this the first time that Matthews had exchanged shots with Gill. Away back in December, 1905, in an innocent little prayer-meeting talk, Dr. Matthews had observed that the Seattle City Council was afflicted with that very ancient disease, *graftitis*. Now, as has been intimated, the public news catchers camp always on the trail of Dr. Matthews. Whether he inspects a dive or conducts a funeral, the eye of the public is continually upon him, the general ear is listening. So the Doctor's little prayer-meeting diagnosis of the ills of the City Council got promptly into the daily papers. The people generally nodded their heads in emphatic approval. But the Council itself dissented savagely. It was shocked, outraged, insulted. It arose in wrath. It rent its garments. With indignation, vir-

campaign on the promise of a wide-open town. The people perhaps did not know just what that meant. But they soon learned, for Gill kept his promises. He was inaugurated in March. By July that obnoxious *Dreibund*, the saloon, the gambling hell, and the brothel, were dancing giddily from one excess to another. They gave the appearance of not being merely uncurbed, but favored, fostered, and protected. Huge cribs of stalls were built in a quarter of the city that soon became notorious. This was not the segregation of vice as that term is commonly understood, but was a sort of flesh market, since the women might live anywhere throughout the city, and only came to the cribs within prescribed hours

"To eat the bread of infamy
And take the wage of shame."

The wage as usual was not their own. It went to cruel masters, and it was believed and afterward shown that part of it passed across those first lecherous palms to others close to the administration.

The conditions were a matter of general knowledge, but Dr. Matthews has a liking for exactitude in the matter of his facts. He sent out three committees in turn to investigate. Each brought the same report. Then he went himself. What he saw and learned led him to believe that the administration was fostering this vast scheme of vice culture. He thought that Wappenstein, the Chief of Police, was the official gardener, and that a raging epidemic of moral corruption could not continue without there being some municipal corruption as well. The Doctor, who is a fair man and never fights till he has exhausted all peaceful means, went to the Mayor and told him what his committees had found and what he himself had seen, and asked him to dismiss Wappenstein and enforce the law. But Gill declined to heed his request. And the Doctor, knowing exactly what to do, with his hand poised to strike, was yet so careful not to do injury to his city and to the men who had been chosen to administer its affairs, that he held all his plans in abeyance while he went out over the country and took a look through the slums and tenderloins of the other large cities of America. He came back convinced that Seattle was still the best of them; but convinced, too, that the only way to keep it from becoming as bad as the worst was to check the present tendencies with a stern hand.

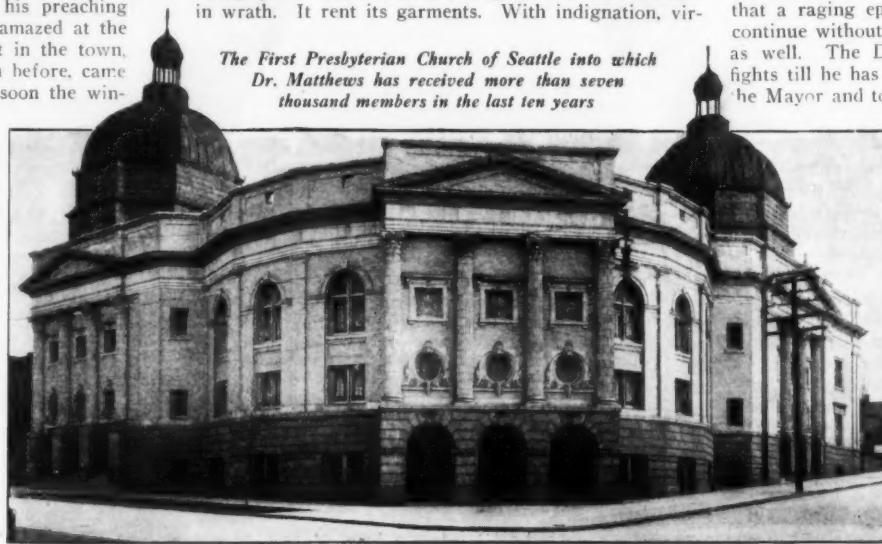
But by September, 1910, when Dr. Matthews returned, things were so bad that the City Council had been moved to appoint an investigating committee. The movement to recall Mayor Gill was under way also; but again Dr. Matthews showed himself a man of moderation. He did not want to see the Mayor humiliated nor the city torn and scarred by the inevitable hostilities and bitterness of a recall campaign if it could be avoided; so he sent for Mayor Gill and said to him:

"You are in a precarious situation. You have plunged the city into disgraceful conditions. But if you will now dismiss Wappenstein and enforce the law, I will ask these people to withdraw their recall petitions."

THE BATTLE WON

BUT the Mayor declined the minister's overtures. He would not dismiss Wappenstein. He would not listen to the advice of those patient but determined men who loved their city too well to see it ruled in the interest of lechery and lust. Dr. Matthews immediately moved against Gill's administration in two ways. First, and secretly, he called Burns and put him to work. Second, and publicly, he assailed the administration in his pulpit and piled fuel on the flame of the recall movement. He did this with consummate skill. It is doubtful if in the American pulpit there is a man more skillful in the arts of public denunciation than Mark Matthews. Few men can paint black blacker than he. He is a master of smashing similes that stick and scald and burn. And he knew exactly what he was talking about. Burns's reports were laying fresh facts before him daily. His church of five thousand members, with the wider circle of adherents, was in itself a great unofficial detective force. He had come to know everybody worth knowing in the whole town during his nine years of residence there. He was mounted in his pulpit like a fourteen-inch gun, with half the city carrying ammunition for him to hurl. Things were continually happening to deepen his convictions and inflame his righteous wrath.

The number of individuals broken daily on the wheels of sin in a city as large as Seattle is large under normal conditions, and now an increasing proportion of these came to relate their experiences to the minister. It is things like this that have made the man a fighter. When mothers of his own congregation came to him daily to complain that open gambling or prostitution was ruining their boys; when a father came to say that vice had claimed his daughter; when he saw the wide-spreading nets of infamy trapping his Sunday-school scholars, ruining his young people, tearing down the very char-



The First Presbyterian Church of Seattle into which Dr. Matthews has received more than seven thousand members in the last ten years

The Black-Maned Lion of Seattle

(Concluded from page 22)

acters that he was helping to build up, it was in vain for his detractors to sneer and urge him to stick to his church work. He saw that feeding his sheep was not more important than fighting the wolves that were devouring his sheep, and felt that he was never more clearly in the line of his ministerial duty than when fighting such a battle. Each day his pulpit fire grew heavier, grape and canister, shot and shell; and each day increasing lamentation from the camp of the opposition showed that he was getting the range better and better.

Between times he wrote letters to the press. In one of the weightiest of these he said: "The issue is decency *versus* indecency. . . . I am truly sorry for the head of the present administration and pray for his salvation. It is *our duty to him*, to the city, and to all concerned to defeat him on February 7, and change the whole policy."

When the votes were counted, it was seen that Seattle had done its duty. Gill was recalled. Dilling was elected. The whole policy was changed. But Burns was still burrowing. The wave of reform was still rolling, and when it subsided, Wappenstein, Gill's chief of police, was high and dry in the penitentiary. And it was some time after before Seattle knew that it was Matthews who sicked Burns on. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of the man's success. He who seems to utter himself with such abandon is after all shrewd and self-controlled. He knows when to loose the heavy battalions of his oratory. He knows when to be silent as the Sphinx.

Dr. Matthews, by the way, is a lawyer as well as a minister; he is a member of the Seattle bar. So many legal questions came up to him in his capacity as spiritual and material adviser

to five or ten thousand people, and the man is so sincere in his desire to be thoroughly prepared for this, that he studied law and was admitted to practice. He goes everywhere and appears to know everybody. He belongs to the leading clubs. He is connected with all movements that look to the city's good. No important enterprise is undertaken by the city of Seattle, whether it is for the handling of a world's fair or to consider ways and means in a Ballinger or a Hanford case, that Mark Matthews is not consulted. The list of things he has talked about or taken a pulpit interest in, as witnessed by a study of the files of Seattle papers for ten years, is amazing.

Puget Sound climate, the price of coal, longer stop-overs on railroad tickets, working girls' hotels, and woman suffrage give some hint of the range of his topics. He preaches to an audience on Sunday morning of from 2,200 to 2,500 people, and on Sunday evening to an audience of from 2,500 to 3,000 people. Seventy per cent of these audiences are strong men. He is a man's preacher, and thinking men attend his congregations.

Nor need one agree with him always in order to appreciate him. His eccentricities may startle one at times, but they will not prevent one from admiring his splendid sincerities. You may feel that to label a foreign missionary discourse "Hell, Heathenism, and Holiness," or to dedicate a rescue mission to "Soap, Soap, Salve, and Salvation," is just a trifling bizarre; but this will not keep you from recognizing that the most powerful friend of humanity in all the big Northwest is the same Mark Allison Matthews to whom his friends refer, half in jest and half in earnest, but wholly with pride, as "The Black-Maned Lion of Seattle."

An Answer

Shall I be glad to see you?

Am I right

To sigh with happiness when sun-
rise ends
A starless night?

Shall I be glad to see you?

Can I sing

When the first fragrant May flowers
herald in
A laggard spring?

Shall I be glad to see you?

Oh, my dear,

Am I glad that love is in the world,
That God is near?

KATHARINE BUELL.

Pure Food in New England

(Concluded from page 20)

analysis shows the product contains less than five per cent of lemon oil by volume, the druggist may be very properly haled into court and fined. The inspector next visits a grocery store and produces a bottle labeled "Pure Extract of Lemon." If analysis shows this contains less than five per cent, merely a trace of lemon oil, no prosecution can be brought against the grocer. The extract was purchased in a grocery store, and the State standard does not apply. The unfairness is evident. If the druggist has committed a civil offense, a like act should constitute a civil offense for any other dealer. It is safer in Massachusetts to deal in teas and spices than in pills and plasters.

In spite of its legal handicap, one notes with satisfaction that the Massachusetts State Board of Health is always willing to make a thorough and immediate examination of any alleged cases of food adulterations. The writer has seen an inspector sent from Boston to Berkshire County, almost across the State, to investigate a rumor that a certain grocery firm was selling a mixture of starch and sugar for pure pulverized sugar. This keen interest in behalf of the consumer is of great value to the people. The conservative optimism of the Federal Club women of Lowell, with its six hundred-odd members and six hundred more on the waiting list, is sure to bring results. Instilled into the minds of the 1,000 school children who at one time attended the exposition was the necessity for clean and pure food and candies. "This sort of thing should be a part of their education," said Superintendent Hugh Malloy. "Let them all attend."

Here one saw the complete story of

pure foods, affecting manufacturer, dealer, community, home, school, and child. "This sort of work will be carried on in our public schools by demonstration," said the president of the Lowell Federation. "The thing is too high and of too much importance to stop in the drill hall of the State militia."

Unique among the Lowell exhibitions was the booth of the Friend Brothers, bakers, who guarantee to use no chemical, antiseptic, drug, coal-tar dye, filler debaser, or rotten egg in any of their products. It has been suspected right along that there were "super" legal bakers; but here was the proof. "Come in, see for yourself; take, taste, test, analyze, and inspect; if anything is found wrong, out it goes." Would, for the sake of the little children of the poor, more bakers would take this stand!

It was suggested that the Federal and State laws would permit the use of drugs, color, and debaser. "I know it," flashed the energetic Mr. Friend, "but the law of our bakery will not permit it." God bless you, Friend Brothers, friends to the consumer, and so prosper the fight for pure foods!

The women who are fighting for the cause know that they must keep the vital principles of the campaign continually fresh in the minds of the people. These are the conditions insisted upon—purity, by which is meant cleanliness; freedom from chemical, antiseptic, dye, drug, and inert filler; quality, intelligent reading of labels, and refusal to sell or purchase jugged food. With the help of packer, dealer, and public interest, success is theirs. All honor to these latter-day six hundred who fight in the open for the betterment of their homes!

The Six Rubies

(Continued from page 16)

value, and I remembered Mr. Charley Wing and that mean lodging house west of Seventh Avenue.

I am afraid Gaunt must have thought me rather unsympathetic about his misfortune, for I found it difficult to talk; but he was always glad enough of a mere listener, and when half an hour later I took my leave, he came out with me to the elevator, and called me "old man" several times before we parted.

That same evening I packed a shabby bag, put on the oldest clothes I possessed, and went out adventuring.

WITHIN the next three days I saw Gaunt but once. He was as eagerly cordial as ever, perhaps a little more so, but seemed nervous and restless. I asked if any progress had been made in the matter of running down the burglars, and learned that nothing had as yet been accomplished, though there were, he believed, certain clues. Miss Meredith was not present. I asked about her, and Gaunt said she was laid up in her flat in the "Venezia" with a trifling illness.

But on the afternoon of the third day I went to him in his rooms and asked him to spend the evening with me, which he seemed glad to do. I inquired once more about the burglary. Nothing had turned up, but he had a letter from his father. He turned quite white over the memory of it and I gathered that the old gentleman had expressed himself with vigor. Gaunt spoke quite wildly of the necessity of recovering the ruby.

Then I told him that I had discovered its whereabouts. He was half mad with excitement and relief, and wanted to rush off that very instant to the rescue, but I assured him that he was too early by some hours. He demanded all kinds of detailed information, but I would give him none. The whole thing might fall through, I said. He mustn't hope too securely. I knew where the ruby was and in whose hands. That was all. Later in the evening we would try to recover it, but he must ask no questions.

We dined together in Gaunt's rooms—a restless, rather silent meal—and afterward sat and smoked and talked, by fits and starts, of trivial things. But as the hideous imitation Dutch clock struck nine, I threw down my cigar and rose and stretched my arms. Gaunt sprang up with a shaky laugh, crying:

"At last!"

I took him by the arm; "Look here! Listen to me and give me a serious answer. Do you want the Gaunt ruby back in your hands so much that you'll run great risks to get it?—so much that you'll face not only danger but—well, disappointment—unhappiness?—for this may turn out to be a pretty sad job for you."

He looked at me, blinking and a little scared by my manner, but he didn't falter for an instant. "Old man, I've got to have that ruby back. The pearl studs and the scarfpins can go down themselves. I don't care a hang about my personal loss, but that infernal stone isn't a personal loss. You—you haven't read my father's letter. I tell you I've got to recover the ruby whatever it may cost me in any way."

TO that I answered: "Right. Then you agree to face whatever comes and to acquit me of responsibility. If you get hurt, and I'm afraid you will—in a sense—remember that I'm sorry. I wish it could be avoided."

Then we went out. It was not a cold night, but it was disagreeable—raining and snowing together. We both wore long ulsters with the collars turned up and soft hats that could be pulled down over our eyes. And we had pistols in our coat pockets. We dismissed our cab in Times Square and went the rest of the way on foot. I had a latchkey to my new lodging, and we got upstairs without meeting anyone but a female servant, who eyed us apathetically from the basement entrance.

The floors of the house, like most of its kind, contained, each, a large square room in front and one of the same size at the back, separated by two deep closets side by side, each built with two doors that had painted glass let into their upper panels. So each bedroom had a closet, but this closet by a door at its farther end communicated with the room beyond, though of course the door was fastened by a trumpery, frail bolt.

I stepped into the closet of my room, saw the slit of yellow light under the

door, listened an instant, and went back again. I said to Gaunt:

"The people we want are in that room beyond. You can see them through a spot in the glass panel where the paint has dropped off. You know one of the people. I'm sorry you've got to know her better. Go and look if you want to, and listen!"

He looked at me with troubled eyes and went. He came back after a moment, white and shaking, and sat for a little while in a chair, his face in his hands. Then he went into the closet again, and I followed him.

In the farther room Miss Meredith and Mr. Charley Wing were talking together very earnestly and in low tones, but through the thin, warped door we could hear every word they said. They were making plans for Mr. Wing's retirement from New York to a place in the country whose name I did not catch, and for means of communication between the two after he had gone. The man called Miss Meredith "Mary," and as they sat close together, he in a chair and she on the broad arm of it, he held one of her hands in both of his and stroked it while they talked. He had a soft and very gentle voice that sounded tired. And he had a gentle face, and that looked tired, too, and very pale. He sat with his head resting against the stuffed back of the chair, and once Miss Meredith bent down suddenly and laid her cheek to his, saying very tenderly:

"You must get strong and well again, Charley! It breaks my heart to see you so white."

THEY spoke about money—a sum of money that she seemed to have raised for him by selling some jewels, and Wing expressed regret and shame over it, but she silenced him almost fiercely. And then, after certain murmured words that I could not make out, Miss Meredith spoke of "John's ruby," and said:

"I'm afraid of that cousin, Charley. I'm afraid of him. I shall be glad when you've gone and the ruby is safely away."

It was the first time she had spoken of Gaunt, and the sound of his name from her lips, as she sat there on the arm of Charley Wing's chair, seemed to strike upon Gaunt's ear intolerably. I both felt and heard him shiver beside me in the dark closet, and he moved as if to leave the place. So I also turned to go before him back into the front room. But in an instant I saw what it was he meant to do and caught at his shoulder—too late. He had withdrawn only far enough to raise his foot and to drive his heel hard against the flimsy bolt. The door gave way with a crash and we sprang into the room together.

Miss Meredith screamed, a weak flat cry, and fell on her knees beside the chair arm where she had been sitting, but Charley Wing made one great silent leap from the chair toward the door of the room that led into the corridor, and nearly reached it, too. I called out to him:

"Stop or I'll shoot!" and he halted, looked to see if I could do what I threatened, and turned back shrugging his shoulders.

I said to Gaunt:

"Permit me to introduce Mr. Charley Wing, a well-known figure in the criminal world. His friend you know by the name of Dorothy Meredith. When I was at college she lived in Boston and was much admired in certain cheerful circles as Miss Patsy Beecher. I rather think she has other names, too."

Gaunt said:

"Oh, my God!" and turned his head away, but Miss Meredith, kneeling beside the chair in the center of the room, did not speak.

Then Wing came a step forward. "What's it for, beau? There's nothing on me." He thought we were detectives, and I was willing he should think so. As such we looked rather more formidable. He walked half across the room, beating his hands together, but turned again abruptly and there were lines and hollows in his white face that hadn't been there before.

"I tell you," he cried, "there's nothing on me, and you know it. Why can't you let me alone? I've paid up. I've done my time and I've quit the game for good. For God's sake, what more do you want?"

He stood staring at us with bent head. "You want to get me out of the way again. That's what you want. You're



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The Six Rubies

(Concluded from page 23)

going to land me on a frame-up. Well, you don't get me alive."

He had been standing near an open window where the wind was blowing the long imitation lace curtain into the room. He never looked behind him, he gave no sign or warning, but he made another great, twisting leap and was gone out into the dark like a magic figure in a prestidigitator's show. I knew there was a fire escape outside and shouted and ran to the window, pistol in hand, but Miss Meredith rose on her knees and cried after me:

"Come back! He hasn't got it. I have."

It might be a trick, but in any case the man was already halfway to the ground outside, undistinguishable in the gloom, so I turned back to face her. She rose to her feet stiffly, and as she moved Gaunt, who had been standing apart, with head and arms hanging, his eyes upon the floor, his sudden fury spent seemingly in that one act of violent entrance, turned and went to a table that stood against the wall, and sat down in a chair there and took his head into his hands.

"Yes, I do. It's none of your business, and it's all over, for he'll never speak to me again, but, I do." Her voice shook.

"I picked him up off the floor. He was drinking himself to death. I made a man of him. And I could have kept him a man, too. Oh, yes! I know what you're thinking about. You're thinking about Boston. Well, maybe that wasn't as bad as it looked, and anyhow Johnnie knew all about it."

But I shook my head. "No, I was thinking of Mr. Charley Wing."

She stared at me for a moment and then laughed, but without mirth. "Great heavens! that never occurred to me. You thought Charley Wing was—Of course! You would. And I suppose Johnnie thought so, too. Why, you meddling idiot! Charley Wing is my brother. I've never spoken of him to Johnnie, because I didn't want—well, I was ashamed. I'd enough against me without confessing to a crooked brother. Not that Charley is crooked by nature. He is not. He's had hard luck and he's had to do his time as, I dare say, you know. But he'd quit that life for good and all, and he was going to the country to get his health back. Next summer he was to go out to Idaho where a man had promised him a steady job. And you thought he was my lover. Oh—" She shook her head with a little sigh. "Well, I suppose it doesn't matter now. Nothing matters."

I gave a great laugh of relief and joy.

"Doesn't it, though! Here's one who thinks it does." I caught her hands in mine and pumped them up and down. She didn't try to pull them away, but stared at me as if she thought I'd gone mad. I said:

"Miss Meredith, I think you're a very splendid person and I wish there were more like you in the world, and I'm going in yonder to tell Johnnie Gaunt so. Just you wait here!"

She tried to check me, but I ran into the next room and found my cousin sitting just as I had left him. He raised his head as I came near and looked up at me, saying rather vacantly:

"You here still? I hoped you had gone."

But I said: "No, John. Not yet. I've got something to tell you first." So I sat down and told him all I had learned about Miss Dorothy Meredith and what she had done for his sake.

He listened, I suppose, though he gave no sign of it, and asked no questions; only once I heard him speak her name in a broken whisper. And when I had finished, he sat still where he was, his face buried in his arms over the table. I went back to my own room where the late Patsy Beecher was waiting, and she questioned me with her big eyes, looking very white and miserable and pretty and pathetic. I said:

"Go to him! You can do it better than I. He knows the whole truth now."

She was frightened and cried out: "Oh, no, no. No, I couldn't. Johnnie doesn't want me now. I couldn't possibly go! Please!" But I took her, laughing, by the shoulders and pushed her into the other room and shut the door behind her.

When I looked in on them ten minutes later Miss Meredith was on her knees before my cousin and my cousin was bent down with his arms about her, and they were weeping together there exactly like two little children.

I gathered up my hat and coat and tiptoed down the stairs.

The Yellow Streak

(Continued from page 18)

yellow streak then. Always, when the pinch came, he had flinched. He had known it. Argerson had known it too, and spoken of it. And now, after all these years, he still banked on that knowledge and stepped in, where other men hung back.

It was all clear in that instant to Dorgan. He glanced down to the distant roofs of Andelaria—they stood out clearly enough again, and laughed a silent laugh of relief. He was not an imaginative man, but deadly practical. It had been agony to him to face something which he could not see nor understand. Now the game was even. His pursuer had become a man, to be hunted in his turn.

He laughed again, and snuggled his Krag into his shoulder, holding the sights steady on a bush five hundred yards away. "Argerson," he muttered, "you're the one that's makin' th' fool plays."

But his hilarity passed quickly. He was not the sort that laughs quietly, with smiling lips. "Argerson," he whispered, still holding his sights on his distant target, "you're due to find out some things about th' fear o' God, yourself. You'll come lookin' for me? You'll go drawin' pictures in some ashes to bluff me out?" That silent grin of his had lost all mirthfulness. It distorted his face like the grin of a wild beast. "Argerson," he boasted, "I'm goin' to get you alive, and then—ever hear about some water cures? That's peaches and cream beside the other tricks the gugus knows, Argerson. And you won't have no chance to git!"

He lowered the steady rifle, and then, soft moving, noiseless, unobtrusive in his dingy clothing as the lizards that sunned themselves about him, he slipped back into the cover of the broken rocks behind him, to begin his chase.

VI—NEMESIS

IT WAS a full year before Dorgan perched again on that high shoulder by the Spanish bayonet.

It was another April morning, and the springtide again was at its culminating point. The narrow, winding valley, opening to the distance in sweep of softest greens and yellows, was all feathered with foliage, and checkered with those sharp contrasts of light and shade which a vertical sun and a cloudless sky can give. The full muddy Andelaria River, swollen still with the last of the rains, wound down through it, and all along the river bank paddies were bright with the tender leafage of young rice. To right and left the higher fields, fresh turned and black, shimmered with lines of green, the sprouting rows of cane and corn and newly set tobacco. And bordering the fields, billowing up the craggy walls of the valley to Dorgan's very feet, where he sat in his aerie, were plantations of dark and plump abaca.

Here and there along the river clumps of palm and banana, with brown squares of thatch shadowed by their leaves, marked the sites of outlying barrios, and down to the southward, thirty miles away, where the river meets the sea, the iron roofs of Andelaria church and convent glowed white hot in the sun.

Had that least of poets been there to gaze down steadily, so exuberant was Nature that morning that the responsive creature might very possibly have been caught up bodily in the tingling current of new life rioting over the earth, and suddenly have sprouted wings and gone soaring down the valley, to flop over the distant, shining roofs of Andelaria, doubtless, and set the crowded market place in a panic. But Dorgan was not a fanciful person, and such eagle flights of emotion were not for him.

Had he been a man of affairs, he might have found his disciplined imagination stirred by the inestimable richness of the land, that warm black soil which never knows exhaustion, those never-failing springs of water, the ever-sprouting hemp, and so have gone on calculating, dreaming, till he had coined the valley into a transcendent vision of dollars and cents. But what gifts Dorgan had were rather destructive than constructive, and the agricultural possibilities of the valley left him unmoved.

Had even the least visionary of men, some philosopher equipped only with eyes to see and a mind to comprehend the situation, sat there aloof in Dorgan's place, he might have found a cynical amusement in looking down at the narrow

world of men who were never again to be his fellows. It was wide enough to have shown a philosopher what a spin-drift of illusions this thing Life is, how easily won a prize preeminence can be, on how narrow a pinnacle the awe of kings may totter to its fall.

For in his hungry, slinking, unshaven way Dorgan had been king of the Andelaria.

The threat of uncertainty had hung about him as about all other kings; and because he was unknown, he had been dreaded.

DORGAN the Philosopher, had such a being existed to perch there on the shoulder and compare himself with his repute, might have been justified in smiling at the simple-mindedness of men. Shinking, ratlike thing that he was, with his sleek neutral-colored hair and cruel slit of a mouth and boneless chin, the thought of him had been constant in every mind down there, as his name was ready to every tongue. White-clad farmers toilously working in the fields, drivers of whining bull carts on the road along the river, even soldiers bulky in blue flannel, all had accommodated themselves to what they thought might be his plans.

The situation had been absurd. Save for a trace of animal cunning in his furtive glance, a hint of animal cruelty in his thin lips and high cheek bones, he was a weak thing to have been The Renegade. Any adversary of tolerably square jaw and steady eye, appearing there on the shoulder unexpectedly, might have ended his career with a single crook of the finger. Still philosophically, Dorgan might have been pardoned a certain faint amusement that of a whole brigade not one had dared to try it, or, daring, had had the cunning to penetrate the network that surrounded him, and meet him face to startled face.

But Dorgan, least imaginative, most practical of outlaws, exhibited no feelings more complicated than fear and anxiety as he lay there that late April day, his former domain spread open at his feet. With his shallow eyes searching the valley ceaselessly; his head jerking from side to side to analyze each new alarm the breeze brought to his ears; with the pulse throbbing in his sallow cheek and his fingers clenched on his rifle till the nails were red and white, he was not a pleasant sight. He seemed a pitiable thing to be The Renegade. He had paid his piper a high wage, and his nerves had gone bankrupt with the drain. For Argerson, that silent, stoop-shouldered man, had won their duel of wit and cunning. It had taken him a year, but he had won it, easily, by sheer preponderance of will and courage. Never once seen himself, never from the beginning to this end had he left Dorgan without some token of his dogging presence. And that presence had become unbearable.

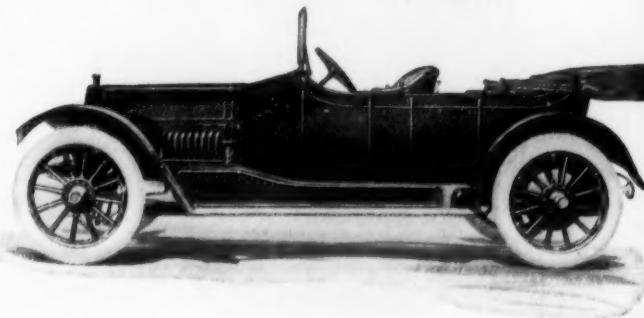
Little signs enough they had been, for the most part. Dorgan's native companions had not noticed them at all at first, and he had tried to say nothing to them, for on their loyalty hung his successful tenancy of the Andelarian wilderness, and safety. And they were singularly fearful folk, for professional assassins. Anything which partook, however remotely, of the nature of the inexplicable and therefore ghostly, was too intensely personal to every one of them to be endurable. And, once frightened, they acted with the naïveté of children. They ran, and kept on running till their fear was past.

So he had kept his observations to himself, noting each day the little signs which told him that his enemy was close on his trail, and only waited for a moment of incaution to step inside the circle of his allies and take him.

FOR one thing had grown clearer to Dorgan day by day. Argerson meant to take him alive. He let too many chances for a pot shot slip to leave that point in any doubt. To take him alive, and then—unimaginative as he was, Dorgan could picture it very closely: the plaza of Andelaria City with the sun beating on it, the crowd of gaping country folk massed outside a regimental square, and in the center of it all a beam with a noose swaying thinly from it.

Little signs enough, unimpressive as single drops of water falling on a stone, yet by them Argerson had had his will of Dorgan where all others failed. By

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26

The Yellow Streak

(Concluded from page 25)

them he had given him sleepless nights and laborious days of heartbreaking travel. By them he had stripped him, before a month was out, of his allies and driven him from his fastness. By them, for eleven long months more, months that must have been plain hell for Dorgan, he had hounded him from one brief refuge to another, through half the island of Luzon. And by them, finally, he had led him back to his aerie on the high shoulder by the Spanish bayonet.

dropped the useless weapon on the ground. For the man's path led straight to his hiding place, and by that token Dorgan understood at last what Argerson's will was.

The man came closer, and Dorgan knew him for a man of his own old troop, and that too seemed reasonable and appropriate to him. And when the man was fifty feet away, Dorgan stepped out with empty hands. "S all right," he said. "I'm comin' in. Where's Argerson?"

Imagine the astonishment of that trooper, and his flurry. For he knew Dorgan at a glance, and even after all those months the Andelaria had been unhaunted, Dorgan was not a man to stumble on unstartled.

But the trooper was businesslike, for all his flurry. He snapped his rifle to his hip. "Get those hands up," he ordered.

"They're up," said Dorgan. "I'm through. Where's Argerson?"

THE trooper stared at him. "Argerson?" he said at last. "Argerson? You mean the old hump-backed lath used to be marshal of San Blanco County? Did you know him?"

"That's him," said Dorgan. "Where is he? I've come in."

The trooper still stared, open-mouthed. "Argerson?" he said. "I just remember him. I come from down that way myself. Why," he said, "I reckon it's a good ten years now that folks have been scratchin' matches on the old man's grave-stone. Yes sir, Argerson, he's dead."

"Dead?" said Dorgan.

For a man of the distinctively hysterical type he took the news quietly enough, as it soaked in. "Hell," he said at last. "It's all the same, I reckon. Let's get down to Andelaria and have it over with."

From Broadway to Drury Lane

(Concluded from page 19)

at almost any time—plays of real merit, well acted—to which it seems impossible to lure anyone. The reason Mr. George Tyler gave for having a special performance of "The New Sin" was that the only way to give the play a flying start was to make the occasion appear exclusive. "Send out tickets for an ordinary first night to the very same people," said he, "and they'll give 'em away to the cook."

Well, whatever the cause, here they are at any rate, people from all over town, a happy mob, packing one of the largest auditoriums in New York night after night, from pit to dome. It is a wonderful sight, a wonderful thing to play to. Fancy being the villain in the traditional march in front of the curtain after the third act, stopping in the middle in a gale of delighted hisses, slowly taking out a cigarette, lighting it, and saying "Ha!" to a crowd like that!

"The Whip" is a racing melodrama along the familiar Drury Lane lines, only better than the average. It comes from a two years' run in London, so that everybody settles back in his seat with much

the same feeling of assurance that he would sit down to a Thanksgiving dinner. There is a delightful villain, far more handsome and finished than the supposed hero, a villainess, dark, languorous, full of schemes, and far more beautiful than the little blond heroine. And there are real foxhounds and real horses and a train wreck with real noise and real steam, and a comedy scene in Mme. Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors; and although villainy does its worst, "The Whip" wins the great race at Newmarket at last, Captain Greville Sartoris and the wicked Mrs. D'Aguilar are foiled, and the reckless but popular young Earl of Brancaster pays his debts, marries Lady Diana, and becomes master of the Beverly Hounds. Some take it seriously perhaps, others in that spirit of play with which old-fashioned melodrama is more generally received nowadays; there is a sturdy roast-beef-of-old-England-and-outdoor feeling all through, and everybody has a good time.

Comments on "Hindle Wakes," one of the really important plays of the winter, will be found on the editorial page.

The Curb Broker

(Concluded from page 9)

The most amusing incident in stock-market annals is Thomas W. Lawson's war upon margin trading. First off, we hardly can understand him even where his intent is not purposely obscure. His literary style is hoop-skirtish, and this is the hobble age of letters. He thinks the dictionary is a tom-tom and thumps the eternal daylights out of it.

I would nominate him Thunder Verb Tom, or Boston-Chief-Afraid-of-Common-Nouns.

To the well-posted insider, Lawson's crusade is that of a confessed second-story man turned burglar-alarm salesman to citizens who have lost everything worth losing. Self-aggrandizement is the means and end of the present campaign. My prediction is that he will wind

up an aimless attempt to close the New York Stock Exchange as a margin-trading institution by declaring that Trinity Copper, Yukon Gold, First National and Bay State Gas ought to sell much higher. Turgid Tammas also may furnish figures to show how investors in these stocks should have made much money because there was a huge profit to them between his promotion prices and the high records. Here is a pin to puncture that fallacious argument:

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Collier's Washington Bureau keeps thousands of our readers posted right up to the minute on everything that is going on in these branches of the Government.

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CHARLES C. COPELAND.

ROBERT H. DOWN
Attorney at Law
Portland, Ore.

March 20, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
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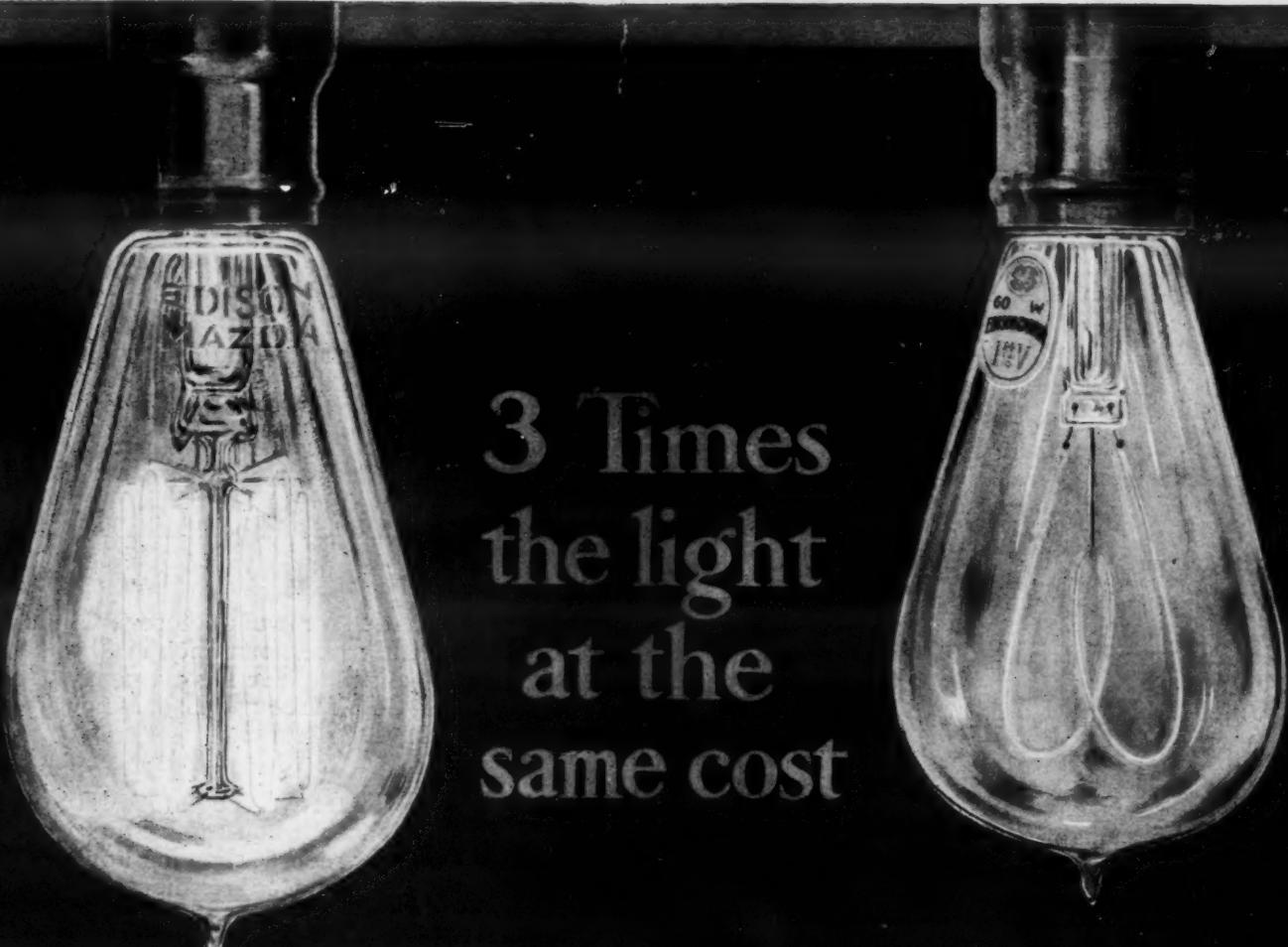
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